

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF BARBARA STANWYCK

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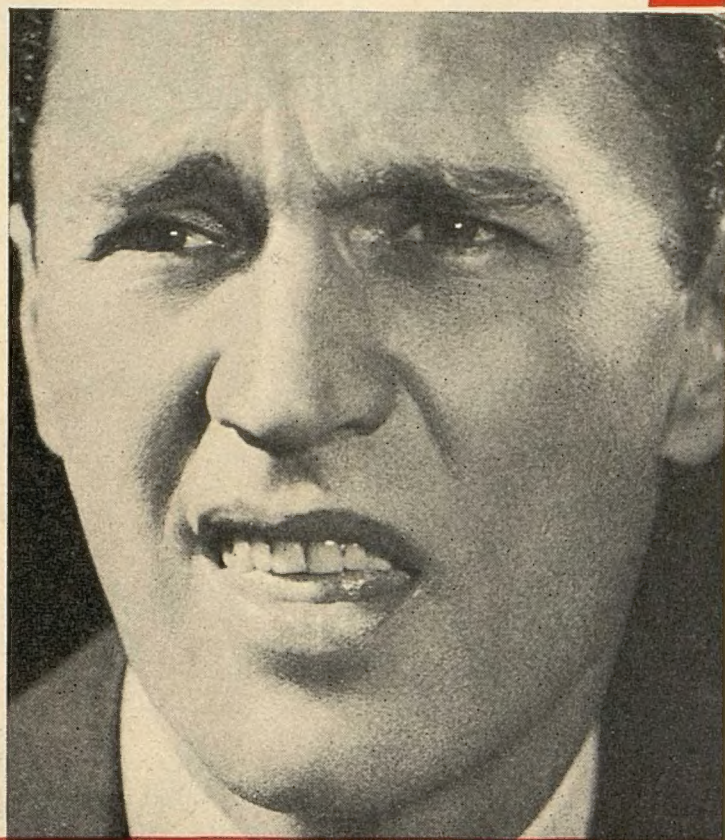
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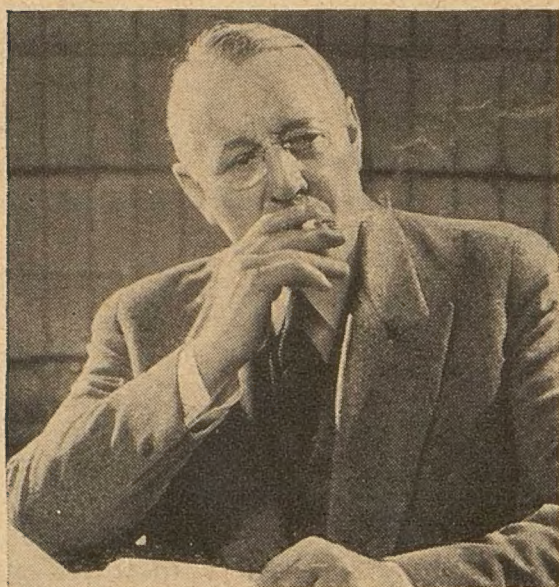
"There's *more* to smoking

if you stay MOUTH-HAPPY!"

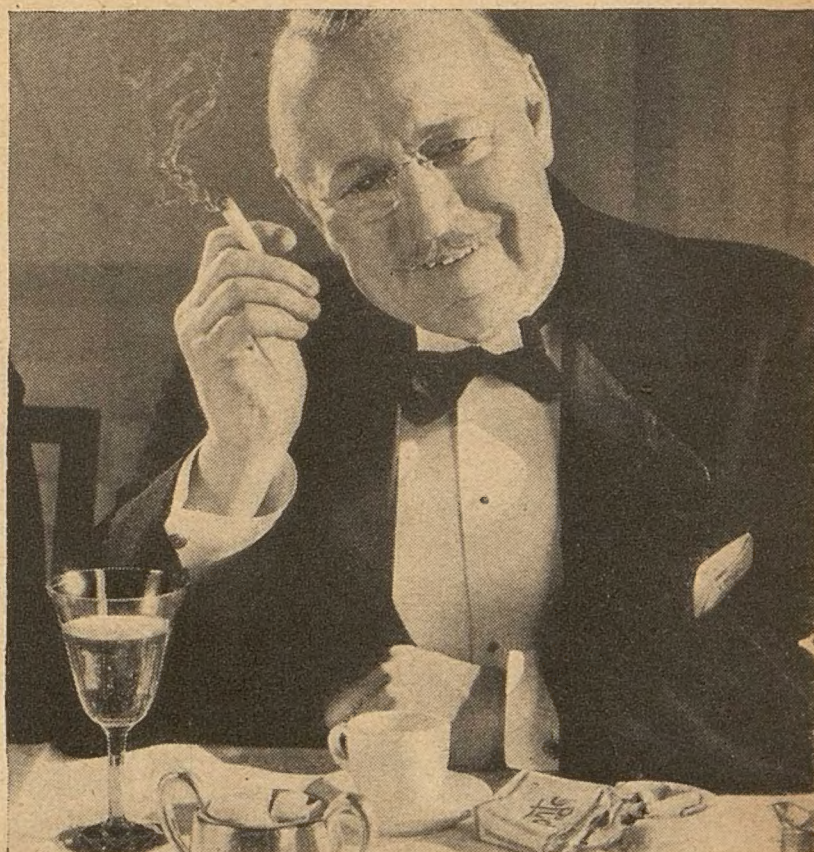


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3. "By the time I had finished my first pack of Spuds, I discovered that coolness meant a fresh, clean taste, no matter how much I smoked. That's why I say, there's *more* to smoking if you stay mouth-happy. And I wouldn't switch from Spud now, for anything... no sir!"

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by B. McCOWEN

MAY GOD HELP THE LINDBERGHs!

Fame is a shining star. It usually glimmers and glows in the far distance.

Many people make Herculean efforts to reach this alluring climax to human genius, courage, endurance, and efficiency.

Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh flew to Paris alone and unaided. That feat still stands out as a record—from New York to Paris without a stop.

He took letters of introduction with him. It seems funny, doesn't it? But he didn't know anyone in Paris, and even he couldn't guess that the heart throb of the entire world was agitated as the news flashed over wireless and radio that he was within reach of his goal.

And this feat in aviation brought him undying fame. There is only one Lindbergh, and there will doubtless never be another.

But the colonel is simple, unostentatious, and modest to the last degree. All this fame must have stirred his soul to the uttermost depths for a time after his outstanding victory. But it soon became boring and wearisome; it was much overdone, and largely because of Lindbergh's dislike for overmuch publicity.

What especially allures the press is a difficult task; when news is hard to secure it becomes many times more attractive. And what the average newspaper reporter likes better than anything is a hard job.

And the Lindberghs have been the victims of this editorial insanity. The loss of their first son can be directly traced to this conscienceless desire to obtrude within their private life.

And no one, except a parent who has borne a similar loss, can understand in the faintest degree the bitter sorrow, the soul-crushing agony that the Lindberghs had to endure. At such times you are often transfixed, crushed, by a storm of torturing emotions.

And in addition to this heart-rending experience, the Lindberghs had to endure the front-page, daily flaming headlines, and the white light of glaring publicity. It is indeed a source of wonder that the colonel and his spirited helpmate could bear up under such a terrific strain; many would have been in the madhouse if they had had to submit to such an ordeal.

And now the Lindberghs have another baby.

God be praised!

The news gives us all a thrill of happiness.

And with the previous tragic experience in mind the colonel is publicly pleading for an opportunity to live a private life of his own. He says he wants to live in New Jersey among his friends. But he also says in this message that it is impossible for him to subject the life of his second son to the publicity which he feels was in a large measure responsible for the loss of his firstborn.

"We feel," he says, "that our children have a right to grow up normally with other children. Continued publicity will make this impossible. I am appealing to the press to permit our children to live the lives of normal Americans."

If that plea does not touch the hearts of the editors of this country they must have hardened until they have assumed the consistency of granite. History does not record an instance where publicity has been so calamitous as it has been in this instance.

Lindbergh's plea for a private life should be heeded. And if the sanctity of his home continues to be invaded he can hardly be blamed if he carries out the threat, which he is reported to have made, to change his residence to a foreign country.

Editorial and Executive Offices: Macfadden Building, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

Advertising Office: Graybar Building, New York, N. Y.

Branch Offices—Chicago: 333 North Michigan Avenue. Boston: Little Building. Detroit: Fisher Building.

Published weekly by Liberty Publishing Corporation, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Orr J. Elder, President; Harold A. Wise and Carroll Rheinstrom, Vice Presidents; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Fulton Oursler, Editor; Wm. Maurice Flynn, Managing Editor. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

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Address all communications to Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.

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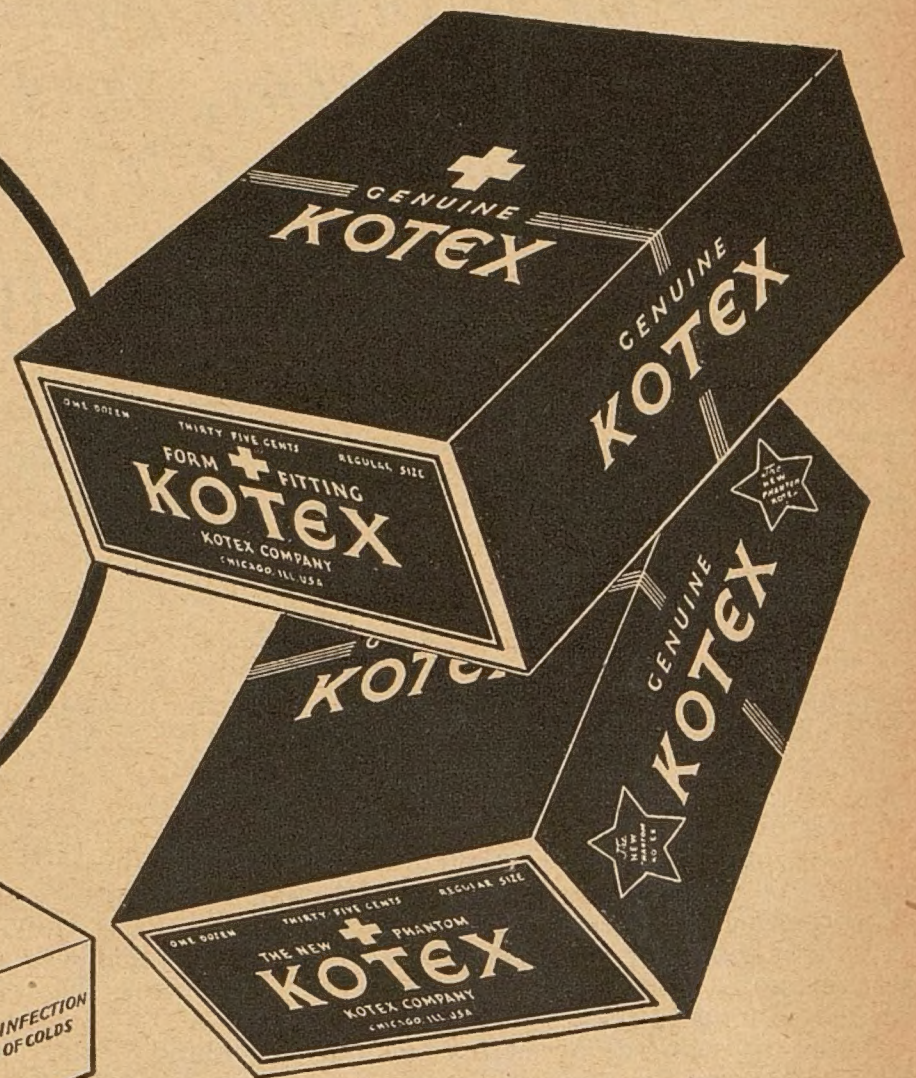
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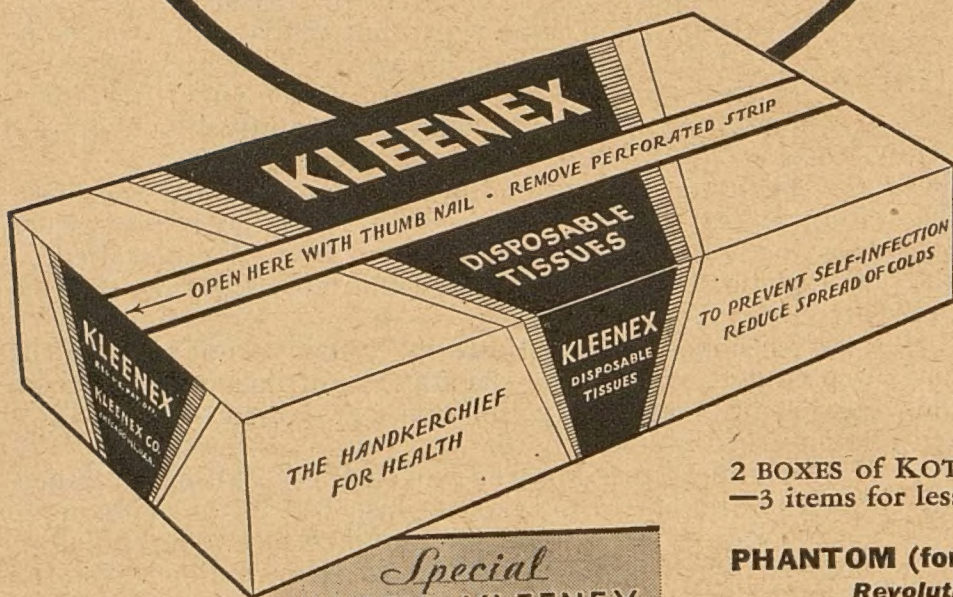
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The Private Life of Barbara Stanwyck

*From an Orphan Asylum to One of the Screen's
Brightest Stars, She Fought for Happiness
and Found It with Her Husband*

By CLARA BERANGER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN the studio from nine to six she is Barbara Stanwyck. After six, outside the studio, she is Mrs. Frank Fay. And proud of it.

Carpenters, electricians, sound engineers, cameramen, and directors like to work on a Stanwyck picture because the star is such a grand trouser. She will go through a scene over and over again without complaint. She is never late, never tired. She works hard, cheerfully and steadily. But it must be within regulation hours. At six she quits. To go to her home and her husband.

If any of the big bosses urge her to stay, her Irish temper is unleashed. If they aren't satisfied, they can break her contract.

And to hell with 'em. She has starved before; she'll starve again rather than jeopardize the happiness she waited so long to find.

There are many divorces in stage and screenland. Publicity devoured voraciously by limelights is disgorged in lurid tales of marital fights.

Egos, male and female, need flattery. Artists, particularly actors, need more flattery than business men and women. More marriages in the theatrical world are wrecked by professional jealousy than by sexual jealousy.

And yet, if you were to listen in on a Stanwyck-Fay conversation, you'd hear something like this:

"Say, Stanwyck" (Frank always calls her Stanwyck; she calls him Fay), "you're lookin' like a million dollars tonight. Where'd you get that new outfit?"

"It's not new, you boob. I've had it a coupla months."

"I guess it must be you, then, kid. You make everything you wear look swell."

"You're pretty swell yourself, baby. When it comes to looks you can high-hat anybody in Hollywood."

Flattery. But honest flattery. Frank Fay thinks his wife is the best gal in the world. And Barbara Stanwyck is convinced that no one can be compared to her red-haired husband. No stinting of praise. No professional jealousy. Two people who love each other and put their love above material possessions and worldly success.

It's like the happy ending to a Cinderella story.

The little Irish girl, whose real name is Ruby Stevens, learned drama and tragedy in the gutter.

When she was two her mother died. The father, unable to cope with grief and poverty, went away without knowing or caring what happened to the children. They were separated, put in different homes for a time; and then two of them, Barbara and a slightly older brother, were placed in an orphan's home.



"Did you ever notice the expression on the faces of orphans?" Barbara asked me one day. "They're all alike. There's a deadness, a dreariness about them that to anyone who has ever lived in an orphanage marks them at once. Their eyes are lonely. As if they're searching for a companion, a friend. Someone to belong to. It's a terrible thing to feel you haven't one single person in the world you can go to with your troubles."

For six years the children stayed in that institution. Then came word that their father was coming back. He was on his way. They began looking in the windows of stores to select furniture for a home. At last they would be a family like everyone else.

When the big ocean liner steamed toward the dock, four eager children dressed in their poor best were waiting. But their father never came. He had died *en route* and, according to maritime rule, had been buried at sea.

With hopes dead, little Ruby Stevens went back to the orphanage. And there she stayed until she was thirteen, never quite able to relinquish her golden dreams of a happy future somewhere.

In all these dreams was woven the yearning to dance. She couldn't afford to take lessons. But in the orphanage, on the streets, anywhere, she found release from unhappiness by inventing gay dance steps. Her audience was the children of the streets, her music a hurdy-gurdy or her own voice humming an accompaniment.

When, at thirteen, she was faced with the problem of supporting herself, she took a job as office girl. She took many humble jobs after that before she got a chance to use her dancing as a means of livelihood.

When the chance came it was an accident.

She had applied to the Remick Music Company for office work. The big boss discovered that she could dance, and gave her a tryout in the chorus of a revue. Without training, she got the job. On her nerve. And because she was a "natural" in dancing.

"Ruby Stevens" didn't sound like a stage name to her. She picked the "Stanwyck" from a theater program, and "Barbara" was a name she had always loved.

The dictionary defines "barbaric" as "rudely splendid, striking, picturesque." This girl was rudely splendid—and is. And she is splendidly rude. Her language is all her own: Barbaric.

She would tell a studio executive to go to hell. And she'd go through hell for a friend.

She is a striking, picturesque personality. When she

BARBARA STANWYCK.
"She is barbaric—rudely splendid, striking, picturesque. Honesty flashes like sunlight from her gray-blue eyes. There is banter in them, and wit."

loves, it is with an elemental intensity that is almost bitter.

She is reserved, undemonstrative, direct. Life to her is a game that must be played straight. Black is black and white is white, with no vague unsubstantial shadings in between.

Honesty flashes like a beam of sunlight from her clear gray-blue eyes. There is banter in them, and wit. But she seldom smiles.

Honesty underscores the curves of her sensitive, mobile mouth. And her hair, which has the color and sheen of old mahogany, has never been bleached nor dyed. A rare testimonial to personal honesty in a place where hair is changed with every passing fad for a new type.

SHE has plenty of sex. But her natural integrity has always prevented her from using sex to further her own career.

"Say, you gotta live with yourself," she said to me. "How can a girl live with herself if she hasn't got any self-respect? And how can she have any self-respect if she pretends to love a man just to get a job?"

I have met all kinds of women in my life. And it is always the woman who has to fight her way in the world of men who develops the broad honesty of the masculine viewpoint. She learns to meet life squarely—to take trouble on the chin. And to mind her own business.

Barbara Stanwyck never loved a man before she met Frank Fay. And she never pretended to.

It was while she was rehearsing for Burlesque that she met him. The season before, a group of cabaret girls were needed for the stage production of *The Noose*. Barbara was among them and did a bit so well that she was chosen for the part of the dancer in *Burlesque*. It was her first big break. And her first hit. When I saw *Burlesque* in New York I was struck by the fresh charm, the vivid beauty of a girl I had never heard of before. We people of the theatrical arts get hard-boiled. But here was a girl, a newcomer, who caught me by the throat. I felt honesty, sincerity, and a deep underlying humanness in her acting. All the unhappiness and grief of her lonely childhood have gone into the making of a fine emotional actress.

And all her yearning for love and romance has been fulfilled in her life with Frank Fay.

Theirs was a fighting romance. When Oscar Levant, a friend of Frank Fay, took Barbara back stage, all that Barbara could think of was that Fay was the big shot of the Palace.

He *must* be high-hat. She wasn't going to let him high-hat her!

She was almost rude. She wouldn't laugh at his wise



cracks even if she thought they were funny. She wouldn't tell him how wonderful she thought he was. When she opened in *Burlesque* he sent her a telegram. And flowers.

Later came an invitation to supper. She went. And insulted him for three hours. He got fighting mad and insulted her.

Barbara was beginning to like the vaudeville star. But she was afraid. On the defensive lest he hurt her. Striking him before he had a chance to strike her. Not with intent to kill. She was too naïve.

But she did kill. The man who was getting all kinds of mash notes and flattery from women fell for the splendidly rude, picturesque young creature who consistently insulted him. Fell so hard that he knew he would never have any peace until she married him.

It took her a long time to make up her mind. When she married, she wanted it to be for keeps. She had to be sure.

And when, over a year later, they were married, they were both sure.

All her craving for love, all her desire for a home have gone into the simple Brentwood place where she lives as Mrs. Frank Fay. No wonder she is proud of it.

"Do you know," she said to me wistfully, "it took me a long time to get used to having someone I could take my troubles to? When we were first married I'd sit off in a corner and think things out by myself. Frank used to say, 'What's the trouble, kid?' And I'd answer, 'Nothing.' It bothered him because he thought I wasn't happy with him. One day he said, half joking but really hurt, 'Don't you know who I am? I'm the guy you married. And that means for worse as well as for better. Tell your troubles to old Doc Fay and get 'em outa your system.'"

"It was hard, but I did confide in him. And I've done it ever since. Gee," she added with a radiant smile, "it's swell to have somebody to talk to, somebody who can stand between you and the world!"

Recently, when Columbia Pictures sued Barbara Stanwyck for a breach of contract, Frank Fay stood behind her. Even though he thought she was in the wrong, and told her so privately in no uncertain language.

That particular episode is characteristic. Frank was in New York doing a vaudeville act. Barbara was preparing for her picture, *Forbidden*. She had come home as usual from the studio at six o'clock. But the house was empty.

Barbara played a few chords on the piano and banged the keys with a crashing discord. She wandered around aimlessly, rearranged a chair, patted a sofa cushion, straightened a picture on the wall. She thought of all the friends she might telephone. "Oh, hell! What's the use?" She didn't want any of them.

She picked up the evening paper. Casually turned to the movie column.

Ann Harding had just had her contract renewed at Pathé at a huge advance of salary. Good for Ann! thought Barbara. She's a swell person and a grand actress.

But here, what's this? Constance Bennett to make three pictures for Warner Brothers for a fabulous sum? More about Warner Brothers. They signed Ruth Chatterton at a figure that looked like an aggregate of blue-chip stocks before the crash.

Barbara hit the ceiling. Here she was in Hollywood, lonely, missing Frank like the devil. And what for? So that all these other stars could be getting the plums from the movie pudding? Not on your life!

FULL of resentment and rage, she went to the telephone and called Harry Cohn, the big boss of Columbia.

"Look here, you! I'm going to New York to Frank! I'm not going to make your lousy old picture! Get me?"

Harry Cohn didn't know what had struck her. He tried diplomacy. "You don't mean that, kid."

"Don't I? I'm leaving for New York tomorrow!"

Here Harry in his turn hit the ceiling. The telephone sizzled.

"You've gone off your nut!" he shouted. "You can't break your contract."

"Like hell I can't!" Barbara shouted back at him. "You'll give me fifty thousand dollars for that picture or I'll leave it flat!"

"You'll do the picture for what you said in the contract or I'll sue you!"

"Sue and be damned to you!" she bellowed.

Still in a rage, she put in a call for New York. When Frank Fay heard what she had done, his reaction was the same as Harry Cohn's. Only Frank's reproof was gentler.

"You can't break your contract, kid. You can't walk out on a picture. It just isn't done."

"Well, I'm going to do it," Barbara answered peevishly. "Meet me at the Grand Central Station at nine forty on Saturday."

He met her. The spitfire mood had dissolved on the train. She was a tender, enchanting wife, radiant with the joy of reunion with her mate. She wouldn't let him talk about her breach of contract.

But after Columbia had won the case in court, Frank insisted that she should apologize to Harry Cohn for the delay and the extra expense she had cost him.

"He made me apologize," she told me laughingly.

"But, gosh! I hated it worse than anything I ever had to do. What burned me up, though, was that everybody blamed Frank! The papers all said it was his influence. They even hinted that he was jealous because I was being more successful in pictures than he was. They ought to have heard him reading the riot act to me."

"Why didn't he answer his critics and tell what he really thought?" I asked.

SHE looked at me reproachfully. "How could he, without telling 'em he thought I had been a darned little fool? Nope. He took the rap and stood behind me. He would. He's that kind of a guy."

Nothing makes Barbara happier than talking about her husband.

"Did you ever hear about the time Frank offered to pay my salary?"

"I heard something about it," I told her. "But I don't believe half the stories I hear."

"This one's no lie. You see, I had a contract with Columbia—you know, one of those 'if satisfactory' contracts. The first picture I made for them was *The Locked Door*. It was just plain lousy. Harry Cohn thought I was through. And I couldn't blame him much.

"But Frank never let him tell me. He went to Harry Cohn and offered to pay my salary if Harry would give me another chance.

"'Nix,' said Harry. 'She'd spoil any picture she's in. She's rotten.'"

"I tell you she's a great emotional actress," Frank said. "You take up the option and I'll not only pay her salary, I'll pay half the production cost."

"That won't make the picture any better," Harry answered. "I don't want her for nothing. She's rotten."

Frank was working at Warners' at the time and he had his director make a test of Barbara in an emotional scene. The director managed to bring out on the celluloid what Frank knew she had in her.

He took the test back to Columbia and forced Cohn to look at it. Frank Capra, who was slated to direct, looked at it with them. Capra and Harry Cohn were convinced. And Barbara got the rôle in *Ladies of Leisure*. That was the beginning of her climb to the top ranks of Hollywood stars.

Frank Fay never told her he had offered to pay her salary and half the production cost. It was Harry Cohn himself who let the cat out of the bag during one of the heated arguments over *Forbidden*. He told her if it hadn't been for Frank's belief in her and his persistence she wouldn't be on the screen.

"What do you mean?" Barbara flared out.



White Studio photo

Barbara Stanwyck in a scene from Burlesque, with Paul Porter, Hal Skelly, and Laura Hamilton.

Harry related the whole episode, including the offer. "That's a damned lie!" she said.

Cohn shrugged. "Ask him."

That night Frank shamefacedly admitted it.

"You see, kid," he said, "I knew you had great stuff. But I was afraid if Columbia fired you, you might never let go in front of a camera again."

"I ask you," she said when she finished telling me the story, "wasn't that pretty swell of him?" Her eyes were filled with tears. "He sure is a regular guy."

When she said "regular guy," it struck me that the truest phrase anyone could use to define her is "regular guy." For everything I know about her bears out that characterization of her.

One of the humble jobs she had before she got her first chance in that revue chorus was selling patterns for Condé Nast. She admits that she didn't know anything about patterns and was completely at a loss when she had to explain to some "home dressmaker" how to use one. But she stuck at it, enlivening her idle moments by practicing dancing.

The office reception room had such a good rehearsal floor that Stanwyck couldn't resist dancing whenever she got a chance. To demonstrate to some of the other employees how her dancing had improved, she went into a cart wheel which was more graceful than elegant—head down, feet in the air, body supported on both hands. In walked the big boss, Mr. Nast himself. There was no reprimand, no fireworks. Just a cold look of disapproval. A blue envelope giving two weeks' notice, and Stanwyck was fired.

Afterward, when Barbara Stanwyck was the star of Burlesque, Condé Nast came back stage to see her, and to introduce some of his smart friends to this newest celebrity.

"Honest to goodness," she said, when she was telling me about it, "I didn't know what in the hell to say to 'em—they all talked verry, verry English. Can you imagine me, with my Brooklyn accent, and the kinda tough way of speaking I had gotten into by playing gangsters' molls, acting up the part of a lady with those dames?"

I HAD heard about this incident and a sequel to it to the effect that later Condé Nast gave one of his swanky Sunday-afternoon teas for her, and that La Stanwyck electrified his guests by doing a cart wheel for them. When I asked her if this was true, she giggled.

"Yeah, he did give a tea for me, and I knew it was going to be one of those ritzy affairs. I wanted to go, but, honestly, I was scared stiff. I just couldn't get up my nerve. So I sent Mr. Nast a note and told him I couldn't make the grade." She broke into a mischievous grin. "Gosh, I wish I'd thought of that cart-wheel stunt. If I had, I might have gone, just for the fun of watching what would happen when I did it!"

I'm quite sure that the Barbara Stanwyck of this day and date wouldn't hesitate to turn a cart wheel at any time and in any place that she happened to feel the urge. She knows she will never acquire the drawing-

room manner, so she might just as well have fun being herself.

She's healthy in her tastes. She likes roast beef and steak better than any other food. Plain, everyday beef. And she likes it rare.

She dresses simply all the time. The showiness of picture stars on parade arouses her disgust.

"I wouldn't wear an ermine coat to a Hollywood opening if I was offered the coat and a thousand-dollar bonus," she said. "Did you know that all the ermine coats the furriers had in stock were rented to movie people for the opening of Grand Hotel?" She giggled. "Imagine putting on a show like that just to let people think you're more prosperous than you are! Not for me!"

And not for her the garish make-up affected so much in Hollywood. She believes in soap and water. And she uses no cosmetics off the screen.

SHE swims. Plays tennis. Takes long walks. She loves a good prize fight, and she smokes cigarettes. Not with the dainty affectation of some women smokers, but with the unaffected enjoyment of a man. She is lusty. She's a square shooter and she's a good sport.

Her director told me of the time she was called away from the set by a telephone call from Malibu Beach. Frank Fay was at the other end of the wire with the news that their summer home had burned to the ground. Nothing was saved.

"Are you O. K.?" she asked quickly.

"Sure, kid. I tried to help save some of the things, but the wind was strong and we couldn't do a thing."

"Oh, well, that's that," she said. "I got to get back to work now. See you tonight."

She hung up and went back to the stage. For

four hours she rehearsed and played before the camera. Not a word to anyone about what had happened. At six o'clock, when the last shot was finished, she went off in a corner and burst into tears.

Stanwyck crying!

Between sobs, she explained.

"I'm not crying about the house," she stammered. "That's gone and it's not worth crying over. But there was a picture of my sister who died—and—and I'm not sure I can get another one like it."

The story seems to me to give the answer to Barbara Stanwyck's popular appeal. She feels deeply about people. Not about things.

The audiences who watch her on the screen recognize and love the humanness of a fellow creature. Her heart beats with the rhythm of their hearts.

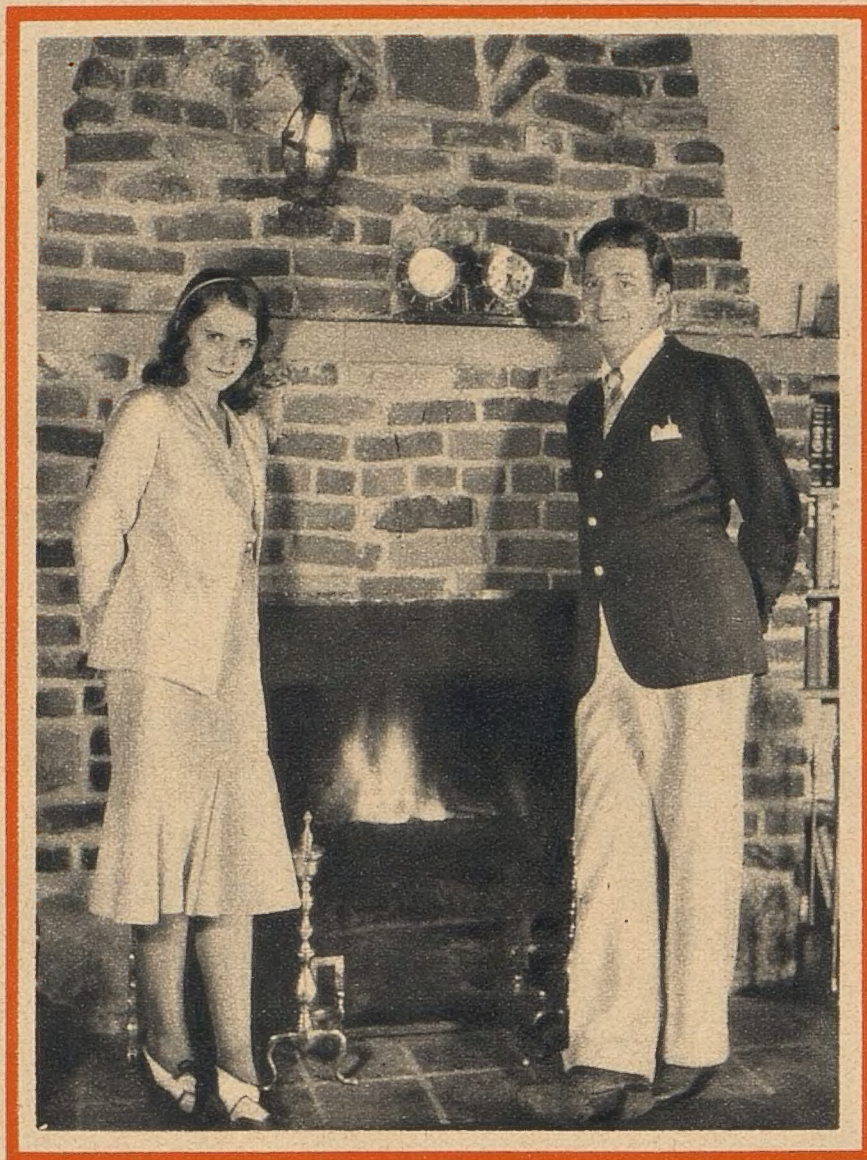
Life was drab, forlorn, pitiful. But it gave her the strength to endure.

Whatever the future may have in store for her she will meet with her chin up.

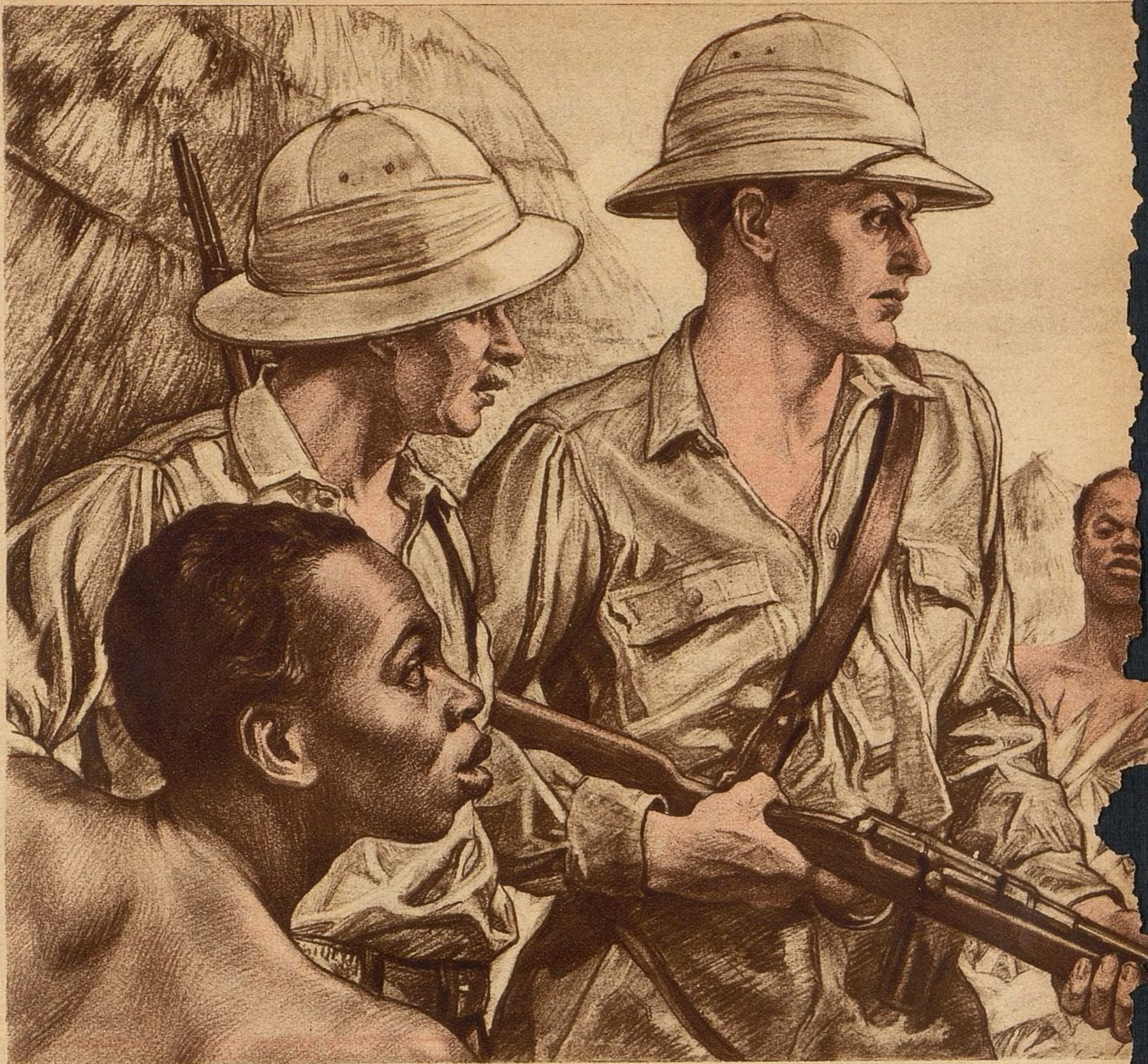
Only, she hopes that Frank Fay will always be beside her. Together they will love and live, rejoice and suffer.

"As long as we're together," she said to me with a wistful sort of smile, "everything's going to be O. K."

THE END



*That really happy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fay.
To the public, Mrs. Fay is Barbara Stanwyck.*



THE doctor's stare fixed him. They were paradoxically similar. But one had given the energies of his very soul to saving lives.

The EASY

The Story of a Runaway Bride and a Brush with Death

(Reading time: 27 minutes 31 seconds.)

A RIFLE shot split the calm heat of afternoon. Dorice came petulantly from the stifling interior of her tent. Her eyes focused on a man who stood in the glaring African sunlight with a gun in his hands. He was looking up.

She followed his gaze into the brassy blue, where a bird descended in staggering side slips.

"Did you have to shoot it?" she asked acidly.

The man's eyes did not leave the wounded bird. "What a shot!" he said ecstatically.

The girl sighed and continued to look at the man. She was trying to decide what had changed him from a handsome and exceedingly suave gentleman of large affairs into the being before her: a tense, ecstatic figure with parted lips and hard, small pupils.

It had been so pleasant to be the fiancée of Sturgis Kelso in New York. The hours on shipboard had been gold and honey. Her father, with unusual tact, had left them to their own resources—the resources of youth and love.

And then—on the first day of their safari—he had lifted that lean, shining rifle and sent a small monkey screaming and toppling through the branches. After that—he was lost to her. He killed passionately, recklessly, incessantly. When he could see no living thing, he



MIRACLE

By
PHILIP
WYLIE

Pictures by CARL LINK

had Aziz, his gun boy, throw tin cans into the air so that he could shoot at them in motion.

The bird hit the hot earth and flopped grotesquely. Sturgis raised the rifle again and took aim. His body became steel still. His eyes had points.

When the gun fired, he flinched.

THE bird's feathers spread and fluttered, red appeared on them, and the collapse that followed turned it into nothing. "What a shot!" he repeated in a whisper.

Dorice's hands were clenched. "I suppose," she said coldly, "that the poor bird attacked you, and you were merely defending yourself."

He became conscious of her and halted an impulse to hasten to the dead vulture. "What's the matter with you, Dorice? This is a hunting trip, isn't it?"

"With a vengeance. It was my notion that we'd come here for lions and a rhino. But go ahead. Look over on that tree. There's a rather nice little bird with a red breast. You might as well clean up the scenery."

Sturgis glanced involuntarily at the tree and saw the bird. He turned to the girl and made an alibi of her pique. "All right. Since you insist." The gun went up.

"Sturgis!" She moved quickly toward him and took his arm. "Stop that! I can't stand it any longer. Day and night—everything that has life—it's driving me nutty!"

He edged coldly away and aimed again. The bird emitted a faint trill.

"I warn you," she said in icy tones, "that if you shoot at that little bird I'll hand back your ring."

The intensity of her voice acted upon him like a per-

verse tonic. His target at the distance was almost impossible for a heavy rifle. But he became a brief statue. The afternoon reverberated.

The bird dropped like a stone.

Dorice's cheeks were red-spotted. She had the shimmering ring in her hand. She dropped it in the pocket of his khaki shirt.

With the success of his shot Sturgis had lost his metallic menace. He became himself. "Really, darling—you're hysterical. I was only teasing you."

"What's this—what's all this?" Dorice's father emerged from a smothered siesta.

Sturgis smiled. "She's angry with me. And I'm to blame. I teased her."

George Gordon patted the girl's shoulder and laughed. He was overweight, overjowled, overbearing. In New York they said that his wife had died young from too much and too frequent embarrassment.

"Come, come!" he said. He smiled at Sturgis and scowled at the girl. "Too hot for temperament."

She returned her father's scowl with a void expression. She spoke with artificial care. "I gave back his ring to Sturgis—and I'll never wear it again. You know perfectly well, father, that you want me to marry him so that his fortune will be behind your investment company if the government gets after it."

George Gordon was speechless. It flashed through his mind that in another instant he would strike his daughter.

She turned to Sturgis. "Now I know why I never could be perfectly sure about you. There's a streak of the killer in you. A streak of cruelty. Sadism."

What she might have said afterward was quenched by Gordon's roar: "It's a lie! Ridiculous lie! I want you to marry Sturgis because he's the finest young man I know."

"Well—I won't."

Her father was beside himself. "If you behave that way—I'm sure you won't. You fool!"

Sturgis smiled then. His voice was serene. He felt that he was in control of the situation. "Both of you," he said, "overlook the fact that I love you. I want you. And when I want something—it's mine."

He sauntered away, his rifle in the crook of his arm.

Gordon walked furiously in a circle around his daughter, looking at her as if she were some obscene and repulsive object which he had just discovered. Greed, bad management, danger, and fear—commercial realities, as she had so bluntly said—had removed his mind far from the path of true paternity. Dorice's engagement was his last stake. He was a wholly selfish man.

"You go over there to him," he said at last, "and tell him you're sorry."

THE blacks of their safari had come out to watch this father who tramped around his daughter. He wiped his brow with a vast bandanna.

"If you sing, 'A tisket, a tasket—a green-and-yellow basket,' father—we can play drop the handkerchief."

She knew that brazen incongruity would add to his wrath. He stopped, beside himself with naked malevolence.

She wondered frigidly if she was going to be hit.

But thought overrode the insanity of his eyes—thought and plot. He found his voice.

"You will go to your tent. There's a missionary two days away from here. He is going to marry you. I'm

sure Sturgis will agree. The temptation of your presence has always been hard on him."

"That," Dorice said flatly, "is an eloquent thing for a man to say to his daughter."

With the words, her resources of self-control were at an end. She began to cry. The two men who presumably were nearest and dearest to her walked away together—her enemies.

All night she lay awake listening to the utterances of the jungle. At dawn they moved forward. Her father regarded her with a sardonic expression. Sturgis walked beside her and whispered romantically.

Sickened, she said at last, "Go on up with dad and see if you can find a humming bird or something to kill." It was all she said to either of them.

When it was dark and she was alone, she could think again. Her final decision was reached in old and familiar terms: she would rather be dead.

Before midnight she crept from her tent and woke the head guide.

"How far is it to the God man?" she asked.

"Ten miles."

"Is there a good trail like this?"

"Same all the way."

"Could I get there alone?"

"Maybe."

"Will you be asleep when I go and say nothing?" She gave money to him.

IT was almost daylight. Dr. Ralph Bayard wiped perspiration from his eyes, corked a test tube, and blew out a kerosene lamp. He had been working all through the night beneath the thatched roof of his "laboratory" on the edge of the village clearing. A new and unnamed parasite was spreading through the veins of natives for a hundred miles around. When a man was afflicted, Death came for him.

Dr. Bayard was the enemy of Death.

He was young. He had a keen, exciting face, long arms and legs, and imaginative eyes.

He had turned down the practice that had already made a fortune for his father, and gone to

the ends of the earth to serve his fellow men.

He was no novice to Death. His first weeks in the Mulakki were terminated by his capture. A giant savage with a purple headdress and a demon's face had taken him to the mountain top. There, after a night of dancing and diabolism, the black had stretched out his hand, and the trunks of trees had swayed and gyrated. He had stretched his hand again, and distant mountain tops had been flooded with unearthly light.

Then the savage had bid the scientist perform an equal miracle. When Bayard failed, splinters were driven into his calves and their ends lighted. He had been rescued in the midst of the operation.

He went away to recuperate, and returned with a barrel of fireworks—Roman candles, pinwheels, and sky-rockets. And thereafter he had performed miracles of healing unmolested because of the greater miracles of fire which he occasionally displayed to awed natives.

Dr. Bayard put out his lamp, switched on an electric torch, pocketed his forty-five, and went to the door. Someone was coming in on the big trail—a white man, because of the flashlight. He reilluminated the lamp and waited at the door.

Because he was framed in radiance, Dorice saw that he was white before he could identify her at all. She ran the last few yards.

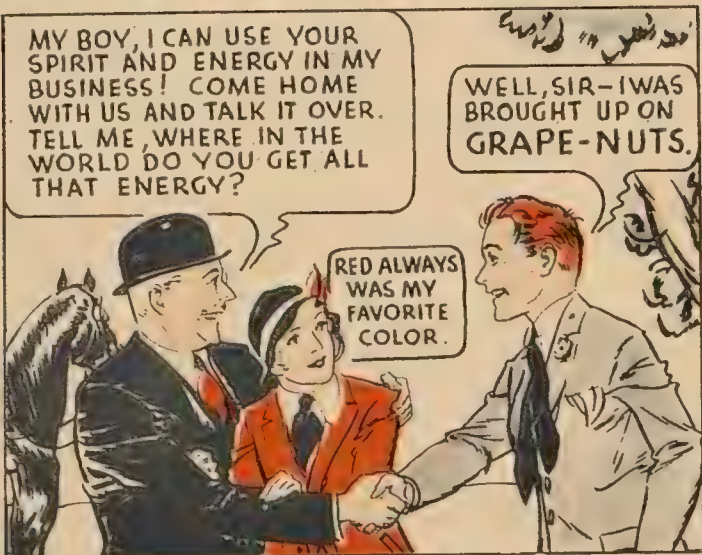
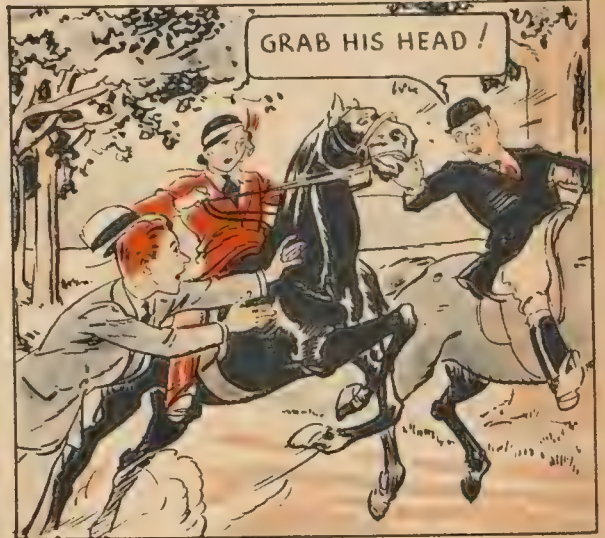
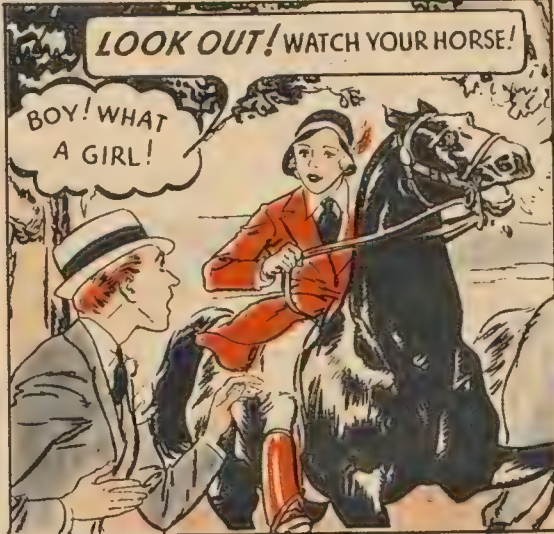
"Come in," he said,

(Continued on page fourteen)



A giant savage with a purple head-dress and a demon's face had taken him to the mountain top.

RED gets his Chance



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"*I* WARN you," she said in icy tones, "that if you shoot at that little bird I'll hand back your ring."

(Continued from page twelve) as she threw a glance over her shoulder and almost leaped across the threshold. An instant later he gasped. "A woman!"

She was panting so terribly that speech was impossible. He moved a chair from the wall. She dropped into it. Her short yellow-gleaming hair was in disarray. Her blue eyes were dark with the shadows of dread.

He brought water to her, and slowly she regained enough composure to speak. "You're the missionary?"

"No. I'm a doctor. The missionary lives near here."

"Oh." She swallowed more water. "You'll think it's funny for a girl to drop out of nowhere in the middle of night in this place."

"Not funny," he replied. "It's impossible!"

He looked so utterly bewildered that she was spurred on in the effort of collecting her own senses. "I come from a hunting party. We camped this evening at a big spring ten miles away."

"Oh." He seemed relieved—as if those words had assured him he was not the victim of fever or insidious native magic. "Oh! Yes. I heard that there was a party out there somewhere."

"My father and my fiancé. I ran away because they were going to bring me here to the missionary tomorrow to be married." She twisted a button on her tunic.

The doctor rose and went to a row of bottles. He poured a drink in a glass. She swallowed it without shuddering.

"My name is Dorice Gordon."

"Mine's Bayard. Ralph Bayard."

Her eyes shot around the room, seeming to perceive it for the first time. "Let me make it clear. I'm desperate. My fiancé is a New York millionaire. He's always wanted to hunt in Africa. He invited my father and me to go with him. Father's the president of an investment trust company. The company was shaky. I—"

"You were destined to put it on its feet by marrying the unnamed fiancé?" He smiled.

"I was."

"You couldn't stand it?"

"No."

"Why?"

She peered at him. "I'm not sure that you'd understand. He changed out here. He went sort of insane about hunting. Killed everything. It seemed to make him happy to see things die!"

"I heard," the doctor said with a vague note of distaste, "that your party was mopping up the landscape."

"I couldn't bear it! I—I got mad. Then father said they would come here and make me marry. They were on their way. I got up after they had gone to bed. I ran—and walked. It was hideous out there."

The doctor's eyes strayed to the gun in her belt. Its hammer had dented all six cartridges. His face softened. He knew far more than she about the terrors of night on the trail. He shivered slightly.

THE girl was weeping. "I'm sorry to break in like this. I shouldn't have said anything. I should have known you wouldn't understand why I ran away. Will you take me to the missionary? Perhaps he'll protect me."

"But I do understand," the doctor said. "I've seen it happen to men before. It's not nice. Blood lust, I think you call it."

"Oh." She looked at him.

"On the other hand—" He found himself lighting a cigarette for her and one for himself. His hand did not shake—it jerked spasmodically. "On the other hand—I am quite sure the Reverend Mr. Jules Peabody will do precisely what your father wishes. He's strong on filial obedience, and against what he would call a lovers' quarrel. And the expectation of a wedding fee would weigh in his mind. He's not—all that a missionary should be—all that some are."

She was stunned. "What shall I do?"

"Will they find out you ran away before morning?"

"How could they?"

He shrugged and then smiled. "Well—you have a little time, at any rate."

For the first time, he sat down. She crouched in her chair with her circulating fears and did not look at him. He smoked and thought.

Dorice's voice interrupted him. It was a voice drained

of life and hope. "If I do marry him—he'll never let me go. Never. That's the way he is—and I just found it out. He'd keep me to torture me. He'd never let me divorce him. There'd be servants and detectives day and night. And he'd laugh at me all the time—and enjoy it. I'd be better dead."

"Nice chap," the doctor murmured. "What does your father think about that?"

"Oh. Father! He's thick-skinned, in the first place. He would neither see nor understand the torment. And then—he's selfish. He's afraid for his company. In good times it might have been sound. But now—well—he has thousands of investors. Poor people that put in their savings. I think even he has bad dreams. He'd do anything to save himself by saving his investors. He'd think it was noble to sacrifice me—if he were compelled to admit it was a sacrifice."

"And you wouldn't sacrifice yourself?"

"Oh," she said sorrowfully. "I wanted to. I tried hard to love him. I even succeeded—until this awful hunting began. He shot everything. Little animals. Birds. He even shot a butterfly one day!"

"They're hard to hit," the doctor said casually, and she began to cry again.

He threw away his cigarette and immediately started another. He regarded the girl for several long minutes. He walked around the room. He went to the door and watched the signs of dawn in the remote, tree-framed heavens.

He felt like a man in a nightmare. He seemed to be contesting a resolution.

At last he flipped the cigarette into the murk. He turned to the girl.

"You could do one thing."

"What?"

"Marry me."

Her face flushed crimson; but before she could retort, her own thoughts and the expression on his face checked her. He was not being supercilious.

The words had been pronounced wincingly, and now he regarded her with grave attention.

"A wretched solution, I admit. But it would prevent the two gentlemen in your party from carrying out their idea. And I—well, I would not be difficult to divorce. You would have to take my word for that."

Dorice's blush was all gone. She was now pale. "I think—that is—generous."

He did not answer.

She pondered. "Isn't there any way I could beat them back to the coast?"

"I thought of that some time ago. No—none. You're a girl. They could probably outwalk you, couldn't they?"

"He could. He could a hundred times over. Sturgis."

"Sturgis, eh? Well—we couldn't get you carried fast enough. No. I think you have two hours, or three. That is all."

She went to the door on trembling legs. She looked back at the hole where the trail plunged into the jungle—the hole from which she had hysterically emerged, the hole where the enraged faces of her father and her suitor would so soon appear.

"**W**HY did you offer to marry me—since you disapproved of my not sacrificing myself?"

"I didn't disapprove. I was just curious to hear you explain it. I didn't offer to marry you because you happened to be beautiful. Or because you happened to arrive here from the black heart of nowhere—pathetic and romantic. I offered because—let us say—I don't like men who shoot birds and butterflies."

"Or because you're chivalrous? Because you've come here voluntarily to throw your life away for other men? Black men, even."

He laughed. She had not heard him laugh until then. His was young, warm, genial laughter. "I'm out here collecting fame for myself. Cold-bloodedly."

"I don't believe it."

"I'm embarrassed."

She paused, caught her breath, looked at the sky into

which the sun was pouring rays from behind the earth's edge, and said slowly, "I'll accept your offer."

He nodded in a noncommittal manner. "Better wash your face and comb your hair. I'll have to tell Reverend Peabody some tall stories. I'll say that you've always been my fiancée and that you were on your way here to meet me and got lost and wandered in ahead of your party. I'll say you've been here for some time—and beg him to help me make an honest woman of you. If you don't mind. His own wife is a Tatar. I rather think he'll enjoy marrying us. He looks on marriage as the burden of man. He disapproves of me completely."

The Rev. Jules Peabody was flabbergasted and dumfounded. He said so repeatedly, standing on his porch in a nightdress, with mosquito netting wound around his head, staring at the doctor whom he regarded as a sacrilegious upstart and at the most beautiful white woman he had seen since his last furlough to the States.

The doctor told his story three times—each time with more detail and insistence. After the third telling he bent over the cleric's ear and whispered something about a fee.

THE Rev. Peabody woke his wife. He donned trousers and slippers. He patted his paunch and talked himself from a disapproving frown into a pompous righteousness. He summoned converts for witnesses. He found his pince-nez and his little black book.

"Irregular," he said, after these innumerable preparations. "You should never have wandered away alone, my child. But, fortunately, the kingdom of heaven is represented even in this vale of tears and sin by a minister of the Word who can turn your folly into a holy state."

After this oratorical reprimand, and with many a secretly malicious glance at the doctor, they were justly and properly married according to the British laws of Beluliland.

They walked away from the house. "I live yonder," he said to her. "We'll go over and have some breakfast. I'll need it in order to have the strength to meet the angry father and the disappointed lover."

Dorice put her hand to her mouth. She had been so stricken with her own fears and so dismayed by this solution that she had not consciously and clearly considered what would happen when her father and Sturgis arrived. They would be wild with fury—and Sturgis was already a self-proven killer, a cruel, savage man.

She had stopped. The doctor, who had not touched her except when the Rev. Peabody compelled them to kiss, took her arm. "I know how you must feel. But make the best of it. In a few days everything will be all right."

Her eyes were wide. Her chest rose and fell. "I didn't think! I didn't think! I've put you in a horrible position! They'll kill you. Look! You hurry and escape. I'll stay and show them the papers. If you don't, Sturgis—"

"What?" he said, half feigning incomprehension. "My position? Of course it's difficult. But—"

"Hurry! Hide! I know that man—now."

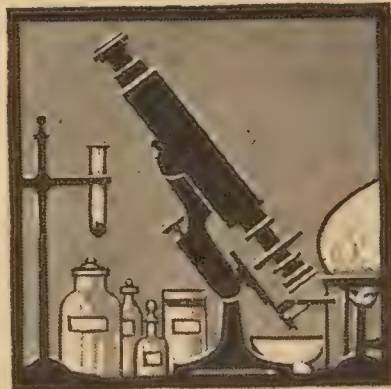
"I couldn't leave my bride," he answered—and she looked at him bitterly.

She never knew how she passed the next hour. Fleeting memories of it haunted her long afterward. They sat on a spacious screened veranda. A black boy brought coffee. The doctor talked—she never recalled a word of his conversation, although he made no further reference to her as his bride.

Both of them expectantly and ceaselessly watched the end of the trail.

And, after an eternity, over the tops of thatched huts they saw people approaching rapidly. Sturgis was in the lead, his rifle across his arm, his head turning in every direction. Behind him came the guide. Then Dorice's father with two boys assisting him in a sodden, exhausted, blundering foot race against fear and indignation.

They stomped into the village. Natives swarmed from the huts. The guide jabbered. The half-nude blacks



pointed. They saw her. They came, breathless, running—all their fear for her life now transformed into rage over her deed.

She felt herself stand. She saw the doctor rise beside her. She heard her father's stertorous croak of discovery.

She heard him commence to talk as his feet thudded on the bottom step of the doctor's veranda: "This is a fine thing to do to your father and your future husband! I suppose you've lied to this young missionary to keep him from performing the ceremony. Well, we'll have our own say-so about that."

He banged the screen door and took her arm. His hand filled the arm with pain which she appreciated and yet against which she made no resistance. Sturgis was behind him. Sturgis and his rifle and his icy opaque eyes.

She heard herself pronounce words: "This isn't the missionary. This is Dr. Bayard."

Surprise caused George Gordon to increase his grip. The doctor stepped forward then. He did not wrench Gordon's arm, but he removed it with a machine-strong, steady pull. "I think you are hurting—my wife," he said.

"Your—what!" Gordon's voice rose an exact octave when he said "what."

"My wife," Bayard repeated dispassionately.

Dorice spoke again: "I married him this morning. You see—I said I wouldn't marry Sturgis."

Gordon's face became horribly contorted.

Sturgis slowly uncrooked the arm that held his rifle. "Is that true?" He faced the doctor.

"Perfectly."

There was an interval in which Gordon choked for breath. Then Sturgis' glacial voice: "Maybe you think that is funny, Dorice. Possibly it is. Perhaps, even, it makes me ridiculous." He looked at the doctor. "I am going to kill you."

Dorice's voice said, "He is! He will!"

The rifle rose. In Sturgis' face was the index of all the moods he had known during the days of his gory execution of game. The expression was ecstasy—epitomized now, for he was going to shoot not an animal but a man. He stood there, with the gun half raised, as if he wished to prolong the diabolical deliciousness of the instant. And then whimsey spiced his demented joy. This killing would be perfect, artistic, agonizing.

He talked to the doctor in an oddly controlled voice: "I want you to have a chance. This is not a duel—you have no right to a defense. But I will let you walk through the huts. I won't shoot until you're in the clearing. If you make the trail—you win your life." Suddenly he laughed.

The doctor's stare fixed him. They stood face to face. They were paradoxically similar—two tall and slender men with hawklike, intelligent faces, tanned mahogany brown, with strong arms and level eyes. But one of them had given the energies of his very soul to saving lives, while the other had warped the same strength into a mania to kill.

"Very well," the doctor said.

Dorice screamed soundlessly. Gordon did not move.

NATIVES watched the tableau from the open spaces around their huts.

"A cigarette, if you don't mind."

Sturgis nodded, trembling with an unholy impatience.

The doctor took his time. He lighted a match, held it steadily, glanced at Sturgis, and was about to start down the steps when his glance returned to the face of the murderer. Gradually and involuntarily the doctor's expression changed. The metallic composure vanished. His inspection traveled from Sturgis' narrow irises to his cheeks and lips and hands. Then he looked at Gordon for a long time.

"Just a minute," he said. "Just a second." An ironic smile played transiently on his features. "I understand completely your desire to shoot me. But, before I die, I want to give both you men a word of advice. When I am gone, hurry with all possible speed to the coast. Send a runner ahead to get Dr. Bevrov from Cape Town if he can make it in time. You have a chance of living

if he gets there soon enough. Both you men have caught Malibor fever."

The rifle sagged. Gordon lunged forward, between the assassin and his intended victim. "What did you say?"

The doctor opened the screen door. "Malibor fever is depopulating this district. New parasite. Carried by big green flies. There are three men in Africa today who can cure it. Only three."

"I'll finish you first," Sturgis said suddenly.

Gordon frantically thrust down the rifle muzzle. "How do you know?"

Bayard hesitated on the first step. "Bloodshot eyes. Dry lips. Distended veins. Trembling. An empty feeling in the pit of the stomach. Have you noticed those things?" He saw Gordon nod with horrible fear. "Ah. You have. Then—in a few hours—your vision will become blurred. You will be seized by abdominal gripings and paroxysms. In a day or two—without the cure—you'll go blind. You'll get up on your feet—although the pain will be awful—unable to resist the desire to run. You'll run—blindly. You'll lash at yourself with your own hands. Your skin will turn purple—cyanosis. Finally—you choke to death. We've had hundreds of them in the past month. It's like living with mad dogs—only they're quite sane and conscious to the last."

HE went down another step. "You possibly noticed some large green flies around your mess tent? I see you did."

Sturgis' rifle clattered to the floor. Gordon grabbed the screen door. "Come in here! In God's name, come in. You—you—you are one of the three men who can cure this?"

"Yes—I am."

"Then—it's your sacred duty to take care of my friend and myself instantly."

"I thought—"

"We'll discuss my daughter later."

Dorice lost her balance and fell.

"She's fainted." The doctor bent over her.

Gordon snatched his collar. "Fainting is nothing. She'll come out of it all right. Hurry—man! The fever treatment."

Bayard carried the girl to a hammock and felt her pulse. His boy brought his bag. He administered smelling salts. Then he turned his attention to the two men. He put drops of medicine in their eyes to temper the approaching blindness. He made them swallow bluish pills. Sturgis cursed. Gordon heaved with sobs of fear and fatigue.

Dorice woke with a suppressed cry. She knew that her world was terrorizing before she understood why. Then she remembered. The doctor had given her something to make her sleep. She looked out of the window. It was growing dark. Someone had unbuttoned the collar of her tunic and removed her boots. She dressed again and combed her hair.

She found the doctor on the porch. He was smoking quietly. He rose when he saw her.

"Where's father?" she asked.

"He and the other fellow are at the laboratory. The missionary's wife is nursing them."

A boy came from the cluster of huts. He was loaded down with rifles and shotguns, elephant guns, knives, and revolvers.

"That's their arsenal. I had it removed in toto from their persons and their dunnage."

"Will—they live?"

He nodded. "They'll be quite all right—as soon as the belladonna comes out of their eyes and they get over the cathartic."

"Your cure works so fast?"

"Yes. Sturgis promised me a million if I'd save him. I agreed to take the million. I'll turn it over to your father's trust company. We can do that through the banks. We have a fine radio station here, you know. The main part of the village is a mile farther on."

"Oh."

"How do you feel?"

"All right. Do you think I'll get the fever?"



He saw that she had not understood. He helped her into a chair. "I'm afraid I disturbed you unduly. You see—much as I appreciated you—I didn't want to die. I lied to your Mr. Sturgis."

"Lied? To Sturgis? His last name is Kelso, you know. What do you mean—lied?"

"I invented that fever. There was nothing the matter with them—till I put drops in their eyes and gave them a cathartic. They'd been running—practically—for ten miles, on empty stomachs in terrific heat. Naturally their eyes were bloodshot and their hands veined and their lips dry and their stomachs queasy."

"Oh. You did that." She peered through the gathering dusk. "You made them think they were deathly ill so that they would not shoot you?"

"Exactly. And I had their guns taken away in case they guessed the truth. You can all start back home tomorrow. I'll send along some of my own men to protect you."

"You're very clever," she said.

He did not answer. Once he sighed faintly. The eastern horizon began to glow with moonlight. Inside the house, the doctor's boy rattled dishes. An aroma of food made her realize that she was very hungry. She caught herself thinking about the wireless station.

"HOW big is the real village?"

"Oh—twenty thousand people. Three stores. Two banks. We have half a dozen white families there. They come over for bridge occasionally. I live out here" — he gestured—"in the suburbs, because it's tranquil."

"How long will you stay here?"

"Another year."

"I see."

The moon edged through the black lace of the trees. Dorice felt warm and content and happier than she had been in her life.

A supper bell rang.

Across the table he seemed very near to her. His profile in the candle-light was breath-taking. And whenever she bent down her head, his eyes, as if they were hypnotized, fastened on the radiance there.

They stopped talking. Once or twice during the meal their glances locked. When it was finished and they started back to the porch, they walked instinctively side by side. They touched when he stepped back to let her through the door.

The doctor's mind whispered fierce imprecations to itself.

"You'll be going back in the morning," he said finally.

"No," she answered.

There was a certain music in her voice.

The miracles which the doctor performed in Africa were, in his opinion, quite simple. But the miracles that happened to him there passed all human understanding, both in that dizzy, terrifying, and unbelievable instant—and forever afterward.

THE END

QUESTIONABLE BREATH *can't be cured by*

QUESTIONABLE MOUTH WASHES



*Use LISTERINE...it has a 50
year record of certain results*

You probably realize that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault, and take precautions against it.

But are you taking the right precaution? Are you sure the mouth wash you use can cure halitosis? How do you know that it possesses any deodorant effect whatever? What evidence have you that you are not throwing your money away on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant power? There are hundreds on the market.

For your own sake

When you want to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and agreeable, use Listerine—and Listerine only. It is the quickest of deodorants, the swiftest of antiseptics.

Its deodorant effect is a matter of scientific record with physicians, surgeons, and nurses. Because of its remarkable deodorant properties, Listerine

has been specified in the treatment of suppurating wounds for the past 50 years.

Sweetens breath instantly

Clinical tests now show that Listerine, used as a mouth wash, instantly overcomes odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

A second series of tests against the onion odor revealed even more startling superiority. While Listerine overcame the odor almost immediately, the other mouth wash advertised as being effective in dilutions of three to one, could not hide the onion odor in 24 hours.

When you buy a mouth wash, in the hope of keeping your mouth clean and fresh, and your breath sweet and agreeable, don't gamble with solutions without reputation or record of performance.

Ask for Listerine . . . the antiseptic mouth wash you can depend upon. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

quickly ends HALITOSIS
(BAD BREATH)

The FIGHT for the

The comfortable farmhouse now occupied by Fred and his family.



What Governor Roosevelt's Back-to-the-Farm Program Is Accomplishing, and the Particular Case of Fred the Blacksmith

By

LOUIS HOWE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 55 seconds.)

"NAPOLÉON lost the Battle of Waterloo because he forgot his infantry. He staked too much upon the more spectacular but less substantial cavalry. The present administration in Washington provides a close parallel. It has either forgotten or it does not want to remember the infantry of our economic army. These unhappy times call for the building of plans that put their faith once more in the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid."

That is the high light of the now famous "Forgotten Man" speech delivered by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt last April.

The "Forgotten Man" no longer exists.

While the country has been concerning itself with more spectacular problems, Governor Roosevelt has for the past three months been giving his personal attention to this man. How to restore him to a self-supporting basis was the problem Governor Roosevelt set out to solve.

His first step was to call a special session of the Legislature and demand an appropriation of \$20,000,000 to be placed at the disposal of a Temporary Emergency Relief Commission of the State of New York.

At this psychological moment the governor's attention was called to an editorial in Liberty in which the use of abandoned farms was urged as a possible solution of the unemployment problem. Farm-bred himself, the idea instantly caught the governor's imagination. He called in the executive secretary of this newly created organization, Harry L. Hopkins, now its chairman.

"Why can't we put some of these unemployed family



Fred, successful "subsistence farmer," with two of his boys

men on abandoned farms?" he suggested. "It will get them out of the cities, and in many instances enable them to be self-supporting and no longer a burden to the state."

The commission was impressed by the obvious practicality of making a vast aggregate of waste land productive and at the same time affording a large number of unemployed men an opportunity to make an honest living.

Today there are approximately 428 of these men and their families living on former abandoned farms. The farms themselves were located a year and a half ago, when the reforestation policy called for a survey of waste land. It remained only to find out which ones were best suited for cultivation.

A true lover of the country, Governor Roosevelt had always disliked the sight of an abandoned farm. Something of this deep-seated resentment must have crept into his words when he outlined in another stirring speech his plans by which a large number of unemployed men might once more become self-supporting and self-respecting. In Monroe County, for example, the survey showed 317 idle farms, but after this speech 110 families who owned such farms voluntarily went back to the homes they had left for the city.

In almost every emergency for which special funds are supplied there is waste of money; many mistakes are made. Not so with the governor's back-to-the-farm program. It is working out simply and efficiently. Not one penny of the appropriated fund is being thrown away. The commission turned over to local charities and welfare bureaus the job of deciding who among their dependents were best suited to farm life and work. To these local

Forgotten Man



Photos by E. W. Logan
and their special pride—real live horses!

organizations it has given the necessary financial aid. Each district takes care of its own people.

The interesting discovery has been made that a large number of city families sprang recently from the soil. Men working in office buildings, at building construction, or road work, left farms for the lure of city prosperity and city life. It is this type of man that is being offered the opportunity to go back to the land.

THERE was a blacksmith named Fred X. Of the 428 families who have been put out on farms, Fred X and his family are considered the prize exhibit in proof of the merit of Governor Roosevelt's practical plan. They are typical. Here is their story: There came one day last fall to the welfare bureau of an upstate city a man holding a pale, thin child by the hand.

"She needs glasses," he explained, "and I have no money. She didn't pass in school; they say it's her eyes."

Such a modest request was quickly granted, and father and child disappeared for a time. But the welfare bureau knew that he would appear again. He did. Frequently.

Fred X wasn't the usual type of charity case. For the first time in his life he was being compelled to seek help for his wife, three boys, two girls, and a depend-



Harry L. Hopkins,
chairman of New
York State's Tem-
porary Emergency
Relief Commission.

Pach Bros. photo

ent mother. Investigation brought out the fact that the man had been born and raised on a farm. He wanted to be a city blacksmith; in those days there were enough horses to make such a trade profitable.

Fred eventually went to the city. In good times he made a livable wage; then bad luck and illness closed in on him.

He lost his job, lost even irregular work when the depression came along. That day when he brought his little girl to the welfare bureau for glasses his family was living in the squalor of a city slum, eating the cheapest kind of food and not enough of that. Gutters and ash cans provided toys and amusement for his undernourished children.

Not very far outside the city was a 175-acre farm that had been lying idle for three years. The house, a comfortable two-story affair, badly in need of paint, was dreaming in the sunshine amid green fields of the days when there was joyous life and human happiness there. A flower garden was so overgrown with rambling weeds that it was impossible to believe the rosebushes and valley lilies had survived — but they had. An apple orchard was still bearing bounteously.

The neglected barn had treacherous flooring. The implements were rusty and broken. The whole place cried out for the capable hands and practical mind of a man who understood farming and was not afraid of work. And so it became the simple, obvious thing to bring Fred X and this neglected farm together. That was in April.

And now? Cultivation has replaced desolation. Waste fields are already producing. The old house rings with the laughter of little chil-

dren, healthy and really happy for the first time in their lives.

In the kitchen a sweet-faced mother bakes and scrubs in happy contentment. Down in the barn a grateful man is going about the once despised chores. A pair of blue-denim overalls has replaced the shabby suit that had become a badge of failure and of despair. He looks—he is—a new man. He can now hold his head up. He has honest work to do.

Interested in finding out for the governor at close hand just how his experiment was working out, I made a trip out to this place.



The little girls on Fred's reclaimed farm.
Don't they look healthy?

The grandmother of the household was sitting on the porch when we drove up. Peace and contentment lighted up her features. Inside, the noonday meal was in progress. The children were crowding about the stove.

"They are always hungry out here," the mother said happily. "But we have plenty of milk and that helps out."

"Do you like it here?" I asked her.

"Like it?" she laughed. "Why—it's heaven! I have a lot to do, of course, but it's so quiet and clean I somehow never get tired like I used to. I guess it's because I don't worry about the children any more. It's been fine for them. Betty has gained fifteen pounds in six weeks, and Jane is getting fat, too!" Jane was the little girl for whom the welfare bureau had been buying extra milk in the city because she was so frail.

The husband and father came in. His overalls, his hands were grimy, his forehead damp with sweat—honest sweat from honest labor. "I've been working," he explained. It was not an apology.

He wanted us to come first and look at his barn. The cows were the pride of his life. He pointed to a half-finished concrete floor with trenches at the side, laid according to sanitary requirements.

"I was working on that when you came," he said. "I want to have more cows and sell milk, but the law says you must have a clean barn. I've spent a lot of time cleaning the place out and fixing things up. I repaired all the tools—lucky I was a blacksmith and could do it. And I've built a milk house, too, with the regulation cooling vat and ventilators. It's come in mighty handy, my being able to do things like that—but I learned it years ago, nineteen years, to be exact."

Four cows were grazing in a distant field. Closer at hand were four calves. He pointed to one. "That's a thoroughbred," he said impressively. "I bought it for a dollar. Some day it will be a good cow."

"But my horses, daddy!" an excited little voice clamored at my elbow. "I want the man to see my horses. Don't you want to, mister?"

I DID. And presently two old horses were brought in from the yard. They had seen better days, but to Jimmy they were the most important thing on the farm. With the exception of an occasional peddler's dilapidated horse in the slum street, these were the first horses he had seen, the first he had ever touched. He pressed his brown little face against the neck of one.

"Let's go upstairs now," the father suggested. "I want you to see the nice brood room I've fixed."

It was warm and clean and sunny up there. The walls had been freshly whitewashed. "I'm going to raise chickens real soon now," he told me.

He wanted us to see the garden in the orchard. The potatoes were up; green lines of lettuce, turnips, beets, and radishes showed against the rich earth. "And when we get more seed we'll plant more," said the wife, who had joined us. "Show them your watermelon plants, Fred."

The watermelon plants were under glass in crude but effective hotbeds. The entire family was as excited over

the growth of these plants after a recent rain as they would once have been over the unheard-of extravagance of a movie. One of the boys left us, riding bumpily but successfully on a homemade bicycle, a fishing pole slung across his back.

"Eddie made that himself," his mother said proudly. "He got the parts out of ash cans on our street back in the city, and in junk piles."

It was an excellent bicycle, considering its origin. A boy who is smart enough to do that, I thought, deserves a chance in life. Now he has it—a real and good chance.

So had they all. There was a bright wholesome-ness about the children, an inquiring eagerness that city life dampens in the very young. They were going, the mother told me, to a white school-house not far from the farm. "And when school is over they come straight home," she sighed in relief. "Before, I never knew where they were. I never knew when one of them would be brought home to me dead. You know what city-traffic is!"

WE went back to the house and sat on the porch. The husband brought out a big pitcher of cool fresh milk—the first bit of hospitality he has been able to extend a visitor in years. Now they were all truly "at home," where they belonged. For the first time in years they had security. Happiness.

"Nothing can set that family back now," declared the secretary of the local welfare bureau, as we drove back to town, "except, of course, serious illness. We are

teaching them how to stay well, too."

It is that part of the program that is going to make a success.

Putting dependent city families out on farms is only the beginning of Governor Roosevelt's back-to-the-farm plan. Even though they may know how to farm and aren't afraid of the work, they need help of a definite and practical kind for some time, and this the governor's commission is watching closely.

In many cases it has cost the state no more, and sometimes less, to send a whole family out on a farm than it previously cost to keep them in the city. Often the rent of a farm for a whole year is no more than one month's rent in the city. In some cases the farm owners have let the farms go with the understanding that they will be relieved of payment of taxes. The local welfare bureau pays them out of the funds given it by the commission. Sometimes the new tenant can pay the rent.

But in any case the essentials cost less than in the city. In three cases chosen at random from the files the cost of aiding a family of nine in the city for one month was:

Groceries	\$44.08
Lights and gas	2.52
Rent	20.00
Fuel	6.10
Shoes	3.23
Total	\$75.93

The cost of aiding a similar family that had been sent



the famous master criminologist, strides into the pages of Liberty and solves one of the most absorbing mysteries of his celebrated career. Woven into this novel are all the bespangled panoply and thrills of the sawdust arena, and the loves and tragedies of a world behind the scenes the public seldom sees. It is called

About the Murder of the Circus Queen

By ANTHONY ABBOT

one of America's outstanding writers of detective fiction and author of *About the Murder of Geraldine Foster*, *About the Murder of the Night Club Lady*, etc., and others.

out to a farm, over a period of two and a half months, was:

Groceries	\$31.60
Shoes	3.62
Total	\$35.22

This last amount does not include rent, as the farmer himself was able to assume that expense. The aid given was necessary only for the first two and a half months, until some of the crops had matured.

The local welfare organization provides all the necessities with which to start the farm operating and producing. This includes seed, tools, live stock—though many of the available farms already have a few cows or horses or chickens on them and the owner is glad to be relieved of the expense of feeding them.

There is nothing haphazard or indiscriminate about the type of people being sent out to these farms. City-bred people with no knowledge of farming are not being thrust out on the land and told to earn a living from the soil. Nor are farm-bred people who dislike the country and farming being used in this experiment merely to get them out of the city and off the city charity pay rolls.

The main requirement is some actual farming experience, a natural liking for the country and farm life, and a willingness to work hard. They must understand that they will have to strive to earn a living on the farm, even though given assistance, the same as they would have to strive in the city.

Families are not being sent back to farms in wholesale lots. The commission is feeling its way carefully. One member states that he does not expect the experiment to prove a success this year—or even next.

NEVERTHELESS, there are certain facts that must be regarded as significant. Since last April some of the "subsistence farmers" have assumed their own rent.

They tell us that they will not need any more assistance this summer, perhaps not even next winter. They are growing enough vegetables for the table and are selling milk and butter. Their wives expect to can enough food to last until spring.

In one district twenty families were sent out on farms, provided with enough food to last two months. Some time has elapsed since the expiration of that period and they have made no further request for help.

In a way, the farming that is being done by these subsistence farmers is nearly as primitive as farming methods when the Pilgrims landed in this country. No expensive machinery is being bought for them. Many are making their own implements. The old New England, Western, and Southern farming idea is being followed in many districts, in which labor is being exchanged instead of money.

The chairman of one of the local relief committees told me that some of the subsistence farmers had complained about the equipment provided them.

"I haven't got a tractor," they would say; "I haven't got seed; I haven't got this or that."

"Well, neither had your forefathers before you," the chairman replied. "But they had courage. Haven't you courage, too? Can't you swap a little labor for some seed? Can't you go to your next-door neighbor and ask him to lend you his horse on trust? You've got to get your living out of the ground now—so get busy." And they have.

In many cases the subsistence farmers are improving the value of land and property. What we have done in New York State is only a step toward what the governor would like to see accomplished in every state in the Union. He has by no means offered it as the solution of the unemployment problem; it is only one branch of the needed relief.

Is it a success? Everything points to the affirmative. But whether or not the plan is carried out on the elaborate scale the governor anticipates, at any rate it is sending back home, back where they belong, men who never in the first place should have left farms, who never belonged in the city.

THE END



A Healthy Scalp

FALLING HAIR
never knows: **DANDRUFF**
DRYNESS

In most cases they are tell-tale indications of scalp neglect. But fortunately there is a simple means to correct them, to guard against them. Follow it and your hair will pay you back in full measure. Once a week, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic directly to the scalp. It's a pure, cleansing Tonic that dislodges dust and dandruff, keeps the scalp and hair in the pink of condition. Massage the Tonic well into the scalp, working from the hair line up to the crown of the head. This stimulates the circulation and gets the Tonic into the pores where it can do the most good. Follow with your usual shampoo. Do this regularly, every week. It will result in a healthy scalp, a vigorous growth of hair.



TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN'
EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC
BLUE NETWORK, 9 P. M., E. D. T.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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SON of a DICK



(Reading time: 26 minutes 35 seconds.)

"NOW, here's all about the murder." Mrs. Wilson settled herself eagerly in the kitchen rocker. Her son Jack went on eating his breakfast.

"It's Eugene Caliver 3d," she announced. "'He was strangled to death in the study of his palatial residence on Brittany Drive early this morning—'"

"Who cares?" Jack returned sullenly.

"The murderer," continued his mother, "'used a length of clothesline cut from a laundry tree in the rear of the Caliver mansion. Robbery was evidently the motive for the crime.'"

"How do you know?"

"Why, it says in the paper."

"Oh, gee. You're dumb to believe the paper. I should think you'd get wise to things. Gee. Do you s'pose Hap told the papers all he knows?"

"Jack Wilson!" His mother looked over the top of the paper. "How many times must I tell you not to call daddy Hap?"

Her son paid no attention. "Why, I explained it all to you last week," he complained. "Hap tells the newspapers what he wants printed, not what really happened. Most usually he gives 'em a high wind—a load of lies, see? So th' fugitives think they're touchin' base. Why, you been connected with th' police department for fourteen years, and you go right on believin' anything you read! Gee. It's time you got conscious."

"I'm afraid you got out on the wrong side of your bed this morning." She continued reading aloud: "'Eugene Caliver was fifty-one years old, bachelor grandson of the first mayor of this city. At his father's death in 1900 he inherited a fortune then estimated at \$500,000. Shortly thereafter he gained the nickname 'Dude Gene,' that clung to him until his death today.'"

"Why don't you wait an' ask Hap what there is to it?"

"Although Dude Gene never married," she read, "'several women figured prominently in his life.'"

For the first time, Jack showed signs of attention. "What women?" he wanted to know.

"Just think, Jack—with all that money and that beautiful home, he never married and made some girl happy."

"What's it say about the women?"

"Why, it says he was twice sued for breach of promise

to marry—dear, dear, he must have been a wicked man!—and once he successfully defended a suit brought by C. Homer Lyman for alienation of his wife's affections."

"Just a blackmail job, I guess." The boy shrugged.

"Only two years ago—he was forty-nine then—Miss Lillian Norwalk, an Atlantic City cabaret performer, started an action in the New Jersey courts against him, alleging that he had married her while using an assumed name and identity."

"That's not so hot."

Jack Wilson pushed his chair back from the table. "I don't know why women want to read such truck. Gimme a good gang murder or robbery with violence every time." He moved over to the door. "I don't s'pose Hap'll be home for lunch—not with a hot job like this on."

"I'm afraid he won't be here. Was there something—"

"No," growled her son. "But when he don't come home for his nose bag you make me eat all th' left-overs out of the ice box."

The screen banged behind him and, with a mighty leap, he landed in the middle of the front walk. As his feet hit the cement he began his sprint for the corner. It was safest to be out of earshot before his mother remembered that Hap had told him to mow and

The Story of a Young Detective's First Case and the Secret He Kept from His Pals

By

GEORGE S.
BROOKS

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS



*B*ABE began to cry. She sniffled. "Bawlin' won't help things," growled Paddy.

trim the lawn, weed the driveway, and carry out the ashes.

Still in her rocker, Mrs. Wilson sighed. When a boy is twelve years old and smart for his age, smarter than you are, it's hard to know how to manage him. She knew that she ought to pick up the table—put the butter in the refrigerator, the extra sugar bun in the bread box, and turn off the gas burner under the double boiler.

With another sigh, but a contented one, she decided the breakfast dishes could wait. "Continued from page one," she read half aloud. "Even among his intimates, Dude Gene Caliver was never considered a popular man. During the World War, when he refused to subscribe to war charities or even to buy Liberty bonds, he was publicly branded as a slacker and asked to resign from several clubs. His associates during the fifteen years since this social os-tra-cism have belonged definitely, it is said, to the underworld."

"Too bad, too bad!" mourned Mrs. Wilson, her appetite whetted for further details. "If his mother had lived, now, he might have been a different sort of man."

SAFELY out of earshot, Jack slackened his speed. He was free for the morning.

Across the street sounded the cautious "whee-whee" of a whistle signal. It was Herman Hollenbeck. Jack pointed and the other boy nodded. They would meet by the dairy store around the corner. They couldn't let themselves be seen in each other's company, for they had been forbidden to play together for a week on account of that busted window in Mrs. Chapin's front door.

From behind his counter, Mr. Schultz hailed Jack. He was the manager of the dairy store. For a minute the detective's son feared that Mr. Schultz was going to charge him with putting that stray cat in the empty cream can.

"What d'you know about the murder?" asked the milk-and-butter merchant.

"Nothin' to it," the boy returned easily. "Some jane is behind it."

"Jus' what I told my wife," beamed Mr. Schultz.

"Cripes!" exploded Herman Hollenbeck at his elbow. "Cripes! I wish my old man was a detective too."

"Your old man has a better racket," Jack returned with generous condescension. "My old man says so."

"Bein' a minister in our church ain't so hot."

"Hap says th' hours are swell."

Herman looked dubious. He was a skinny boy who always looked dubious. It was an awful thing to go through life handicapped by being a minister's son. Except for Jack, he would have been blackballed out of the Second Street Republican Club, because Hi Reynolds said they couldn't take in any

reformers or ministers or trouble-makers like that. And Hi's father was an alderman. Hi and Jack ran the club, and Jack had taken care of Herman.

"Have a cherry, boys," said Apple Charlie's voice behind them. He kept the fruit store, and, unbelievable as it seemed, he was offering them a handful of fruit—giving it to them for nothing.

"Thanks," gasped Herman. But the more sophisticated Jack merely nodded a casual "Much obliged."

Apple Charlie lowered his voice. "I kinda thought that down at headquarters they knew about where to look for this guy who killed old Caliver."

"Naw, they didn't. Not until Hap got there," the detective's son returned. "They didn't know nothin'."

"Is that right?"

"Why, listen," the boy went on, expertly spitting out three or four cherry pits. "If they'd had a hot lead they wouldn't never have called Hap at all. One of the Chief's pets would have jumped out and made the pinch. Gee. There's a dozen of them spoon-fed moochers from th' Sixth Ward hangin' around headquarters. They get the nod for all the set-ups. Why, they won't even notify Hap that there's a job on until they're stuck themselves. Gee. There's so much dead wood around headquarters that if the place ever catches on fire it'll be just too bad!"

"I see, Jack. I got you." Apple Charlie went back into his store.

"Christmas—you know everything!" said Herman.

"I'm conscious," returned the detective's son arrogantly.

Side by side they were walking along Second Street toward the Republican Club headquarters.

"What did your old man say when they phoned him up to tell him there'd been a murder?"

"Well," Jack replied, "first th' phone rang and rang, because Hap's an A-1 sleeper. Mother she got up an' answered it. Th' police operator told her to call Hap because there was a big job on, a killing, see? He told her to tell Hap to shake a leg, too, because they were sendin' down th' fast wagon for him. Then she wakes Hap up."

"Christmas! Judy Christmas!" The boy drew in his breath sharply. "What happened next?"

"WH-H-H-WHO
s-s-s-sent
you?" Peterson stam-
mered. "Babe," the
boy blurted. "T-t-t-
tell her yo-yo-you
couldn't find me." He
pulled a rod out of his
pants pocket.



across the street. The club owned a cigarette roller, of which Herman was the custodian because his father believed everything Herman told him and other parents were more

skeptical. A can of pipe tobacco was hidden under an old orange crate that served as a bench. Three or four of the members carried matches.

It was a typical political unit, for it had, in the two weeks of its existence, survived two official inquiries by the playground supervisor and one investigation by a cop who was searching for a case of stolen cantaloupes.

HI REYNOLDS was waiting for them, a small desk pad and a sheet of white paper on the orange crate beside him. Two junior members were standing at awed attention in front of Hi. "C'm here," Hi ordered.

"What for?" Jack temporized, eying the stamp pad with suspicion.

"I'm goin' to take your fingerprints."

"Not unless you put th' charge against me first." The policeman's son knew his rights. "You can't mug and print me until I'm under arrest, not even if I got a record."

Hi was baffled. He had gone to some little trouble to swipe the pad from his father's desk—and here was Jack refusing to make use of it, now that they had it. Jack was always challenging his leadership, anyway.

"Everybody's goin' to be fingerprinted. All of us." The alderman's son waved his arm. "That's so as we can find out who done this murder."

"Hap woke up and grabbed his pants and shirt and shoes. He cussed some."

"Didn't he say anything about the murder?"

"He just said if he'd knowed they were going to break up his sleep he'd have gone to bed earlier."

"Nothin' else?"

"He didn't have time. Just then he heard the fast wagon outside in the street. So he takes his cuffs and badge and gun and his shirt in his hands, and calls out to me to come downstairs and lock the door after him when he goes out. I guess he must have put on his clothes in the wagon."

"He sleeps with his handcuffs and gun and badge?"

"Sure. In case of burglars," Jack affirmed, looking around to make sure that their entrance into the club would not be observed by any of their enemies.

The Second Street Republican Club met behind the billboard at the corner of Monroe Avenue. It had been organized because of the rule against smoking on the playground of the General Pershing School diagonally

"Fingerprints," Jack explained with a superior air, "are th' bunk. On a job like this Caliver killing, now. You waste half a day dustin' that insect powder around and makin' pictures of the prints. And if you do get a clear print out of it, ten to one it turns out to be the dead guy's."

"You don't know nothin' about it."

"Ask Hap. Ask my old man. He's a detective lieutenant an' head of the homicide squad, ain't he?"

"That's right," Herman assented. "His name's in the paper. He's in charge of th' investigation."

"My pa and ma had their names in the paper when grandpop died," boasted a junior member.

"If he'd only been murdered instead of dyin', Hap's name would have been there right along with theirs," Jack returned.

"Well, if you don't wanna take fingerprints, what do you wanna do?" demanded Hi Reynolds. "Have a smoke?"

It was just what Jack was about to suggest. But he could not agree because the other had beaten him to it. He realized that there was a contest between Hi and himself. Instinctively he refused to do anything the other proposed.

"I THOUGHT I'd go out and see who done this Caliver killing," he remarked in a large way. "I was going to investigate it."

As the words left his lips he realized he had batted a home run. Even Hi was breathless at his originality and daring.

"Judy Christmas!" Herman gasped. "Just like a real detective."

"What d'you know about trappin' murderers?" Hi asked scornfully. "An' where's your handcuffs and revolver?"

"I know more than Hap does about it, and he's workin' th' job for the city, ain't he?"

"You know more'n your old man?"

"Sure. I know all he knows and more besides. Some of it I just thought of this morning."

"But you ain't got a revolver."

"Don't need a gun. When I find out who done it, I'll call Hap and let him make th' pinch." He puffed out his chest. "Anybody can lock 'em up. Th' hard work is locating the parties and fastening the crime on to 'em."

Hi got slowly to his feet. His day was ruined; but his curiosity would not allow him to withdraw from the gang. "Should I bring this?" he asked meekly, holding up the stamp pad.

"No; it would just be in your way." Jack's decisions were both prompt and final.

A seventy-cent desk pad landed in the tallest weeds.

"The first thing to do," announced the master mind, "is t' inspect th' premises where th' crime took place."

Brittany Drive, with a slum at one end and the municipal bridle path at the other, is in the very heart of the old Third Ward—the silk-stockings cow pasture, as a sarcastic councilman

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins

1

WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE THIS ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE

OH, I WANT YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS



2

LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA

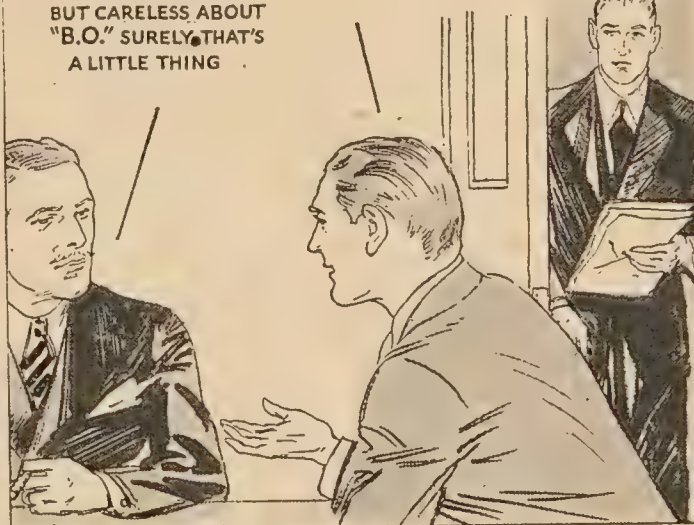


3

A MONTH LATER *he found out*

YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY, THAT'S A LITTLE THING

A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!



4

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED I COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW—AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY TODAY



5

NO "B.O." NOW

to spoil his chances

I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE. HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?

WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR



Don't let "B.O."

(body odor)

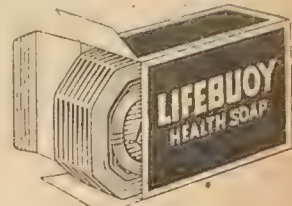
bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor—causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (body odor). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBOUY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 449, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.)





Take your rubbers off the andirons!



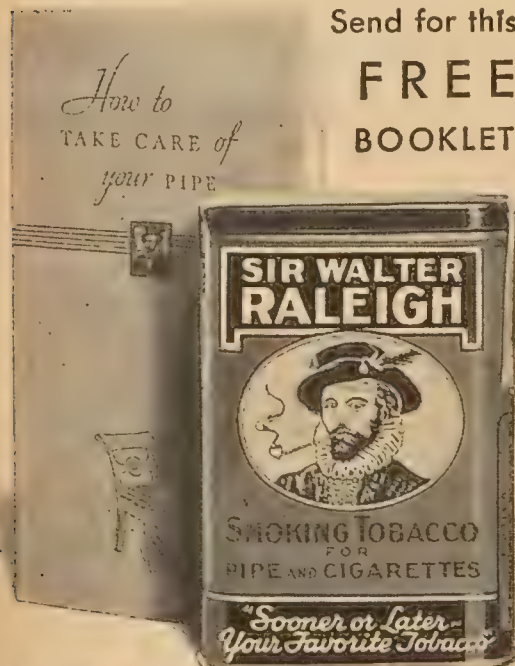
A GOOD WAY to lose a future father-in-law is to smoke a pipe that smells and looks like the North Atlantic fleet laying a smoke screen. And while it's perfectly true that women love pipes, those pipes must be well groomed and wisely filled.

There's wisdom in Sir Walter's mild collection of Kentucky Burleys . . . the wisdom that's born of mildness and full-bodied richness of flavor. Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco pleases the smokee as well as the smoker. It's a harbinger of successful courtships and happy marriages. Try it today.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L29

Send for this

**FREE
BOOKLET**



It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder

once called it. There are a few lawns large enough to be called estates, a few stables that shelter riding horses instead of driving pairs, a rumor of a Jersey cow or two.

A whole regiment of gardeners, gardeners' helpers, and furnace-and-walks men spend their winters shoveling snow from the miles of drives and sidewalks.

Every house has a porte-cochère, a high trimmed hedge to screen it from its neighbors, and an invisible street number. Once past the furnished rooms and apartments at the poor end of the street, one must reckon by names instead of numerals until emerging into the park. The Smith house is next beyond the Bleriots', the Hartramps' beyond that, and so on. Delivery boys with "specials" late at night have been known to lose much time and their religion in finding a single address.

But Jack Wilson was not at all confused.

With the unerring instinct of a homing pigeon, Jack led his awed helpers straight to the Caliver house with its fancy brick turrets, bow-shot windows, and dark rooms of the 1890s. He knew a Police Department car when he saw one, and there was a P. D. machine stopped at the curb in front.

There was also a smartly uniformed officer on duty in the carriage entrance.

"Ask him about it," suggested Hi Reynolds, pointing to the policeman.

"What's the use?" Jack returned. "He wouldn't know anything. He's just a rookie. All this batch of rookies look as if they have tenor voices," he added disparagingly, "and want to sing Mother Machree."

Perhaps the policeman overheard the comment, for his face flushed and he looked sourly at the boys. "Go on back home," he ordered them.

"For police duty, now"—Jack's voice rose high enough so that the man could not fail to catch the words—"gimme them old-timers with the big bellies and the locust sticks. We may as well be movin'. I seen what I wanted to up here."

"We ain't seen anything," Hi protested.

"Oh," airily, "I got what I need." From the corner of his eye he caught a movement of a bluecoat. They walked with undignified haste for a few steps. "Th' coroner will look after this end of it."

"AW, talk sense." The alderman's son was annoyed. "You bring us way up here for nothin' and you get us chased by a cop, so you're takin' us back. You're a hot detective, you are!"

"And how much good would your old fingerprinting be?"

Hi relapsed into an embarrassed silence.

"Jack, where do we have to go now?" the faithful Herman inquired.

"Paddy Kelsey's place."

He had to tell them somewhere or he would have been ousted as boss,

and he knew that more than one criminal investigation had either started or ended at Paddy's. One Sunday morning Hap had even taken him inside, because Hap wanted to talk with Paddy.

"That's a tough joint," said Hi dubiously.

"You don't have to come in unless you want to."

"Oh, I'll come in."

Paddy Kelsey was quite a personage on Harrison and adjoining streets. He was not unknown at police headquarters and the City Hall. He had a beer saloon, a broken nose, a bad reputation, a gymnasium where prize fighters trained or broke training, and a museum. In the latter there was no charge except for incidental refreshments, and the five boys were not molested when they entered.

They viewed the pair of boxing gloves that James J. Jeffries wore when he defeated Fitzsimmons the second time, the derringer pistol with which someone killed a school-teacher in the Third Ward way back in 1883, and the shotgun used in the express-office holdup.

There was also a piece of the rope that hung Bad Bill Butler, the last murderer executed by the sheriff, and many other objects of art and historical interest.

BUT the long bar with the frosted mirrors behind it was the focus of Herman's attention. Once he touched Jack's elbow. "We shouldn't be allowed in here, I guess," he suggested timidly.

"It's O. K. now," the detective's son replied. "But until they passed the dry law you had to be eighteen before they'd let you in a joint like this."

"Eighteen years old. Christmas! I'm glad that I didn't live in them times."

They paid little attention to a set of foreign post cards, thumb-tacked to the wall, which showed ladies taking baths.

A crude lithograph, The Art of Self-Defense—Posed by the Champ, caught their eyes. They grouped before it, trying to imitate the crouching stance, the left hook, straight left, left jab, and left feint which it illustrated on one side, while the corresponding moves of the right hand were pictured on the other.

They paid no attention when Paddy himself entered the barroom and shouted, "Babe!"

Paddy's hat was on his head and he had obviously been somewhere.

Just as obviously, Babe was going somewhere. She was very stylish and her hair was very blonde, except at the roots where it was a different shade.

When Jack first noticed her, he thought her head was dirty beneath her hair.

"Has he started yet?" the woman wanted to know. Her face was pretty—and funny, too: because it looked so very red and white.

"Naw, Babe. He says he ain't goin' to move."

"Did-ch tell him?"

Paddy nodded. "Plenty."

"And he's sittin' pat?"

Again the saloon-keeper nodded. "Patter'n a full house."

Babe began to cry. Jack wondered if she'd forgotten her handkerchief. She sniffled when she should have blown her nose.

"Bawlin' won't help things," growled Paddy Kelsey.

"If I could see him an' talk to him for a minute!" the woman blubbered.

"You gimme a pain, you two."

Babe sniffed several times. The silent bartender moved down to the far end of the counter, so that he wouldn't seem to be listening. "Won't you go back an' tell him—" she began, lowering her voice to a husky whisper.

The saloon-keeper shook his battered head. "Not me. I don't run no more errands. I lost me bicycle."

"But you said you'd—"

"I done all I promised, Babe. That's th' limit." He walked away from her. Suddenly he turned on the boys. "Get out of here, you little punks! I don't want you hangin' around. Get out an' stay out!"

Well around the corner, they paused for breath. "Gee!" Jack gasped. "Paddy Kelsey's in it, too."

"In what?"

"Why, th' murder."

"How do you know?"

"Why, why, because—because I do know."

Jack was sure, but he didn't know why. Hadn't Hap said that you could smell a crook sometimes when you couldn't see him? Hadn't Hap thrown a fellow into the bull pen once, without an ounce of evidence, just because Hap didn't like his looks? And hadn't it turned out that Hap had grabbed the very one? Rap to 'em, was Hap's maxim, and think up the reasons afterwards.

YOU had to be lucky and a Republican to be a detective, and Jack was satisfied to be both.

"It's too bad we didn't tail Paddy, so we'd know where he went."

"We should've shadowed him," Hi put in importantly.

"Shadowin' wouldn't get you to first base. They tail 'em, you recruit."

"I'll bet he does know all about the murder—that Mr. Kelsey, I mean," agreed the admiring Herman. "He talked terrible mean to that lady."

"Well," Jack concluded, "the best thing to do now is the next best thing. Paddy Kelsey went somewhere, didn't he? An' he come back again. He ain't instantaneous. People must have seen him goin' an' comin'. Let's ask."

They crossed the street to the corner opposite the saloon. There was a boy on roller skates who was learning figures.

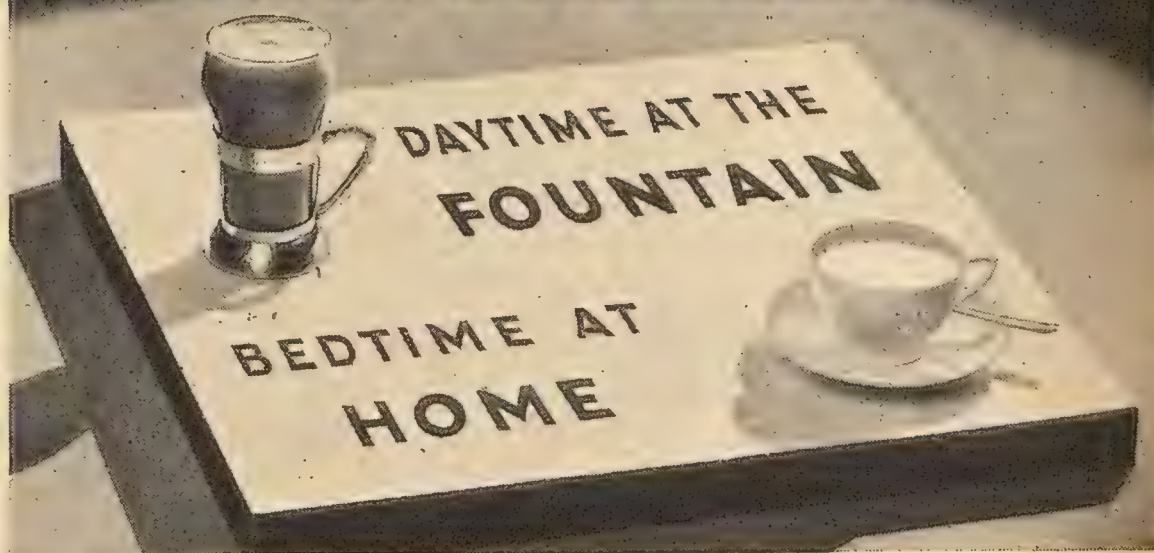
"Hey! Where'd Paddy Kelsey go?" Jack asked.

DOWN IN THE DUMPS ?



GET UP ON THE HEIGHTS !

TAKE THE TWO-A-DAY WAY



DON'T SPEND another day in a tired and weary body. Don't play host to skittish nerves. Take the two-a-day way. Drink Borden's Richer Malted Milk twice every day—once at the fountain, once at home.

Borden's will give you new pep and new strength. It will help calm those nerves that make you miserable. Want the proof? Here it is . . . Tests conducted by a great university prove that Borden's is rich in the precious vitamins A, B and G—rich in the

identical vitamins and other food elements that so definitely promote energy and sound nerves!

Drink Borden's at the fountain. Buy the home package, too. Drink Borden's warm, made with milk, just before you go to bed—and get to dreamland far sooner. Start today on the two-a-day way—and see how much better you feel! Send 10c with the coupon below for liberal trial package and valuable booklet.

Borden's Richer Malted Milk



GO TO THE FOUNTAIN
THAT DISPLAYS THE BORDEN DIAMOND



THE BORDEN COMPANY,
Dept. 12-J,
350 Madison Ave., New York.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"Nowhere. He don't get up this early. You don't never see him before noon."

Diagonally across the street from the saloon was a cigar store. Next to it, on the cross street, was a shoe-repair shop with a shine chair in front of it.

The shine boy was fishing through a grating for a penny. He was using a nut and hunk of gum on the end of a string.

"Say," Jack demanded. "Where'd Paddy go?"

"Paddy Kelsey?"

"Sure."

"He's over in his place."

"Naw. He come back again. We got to find him."

"He went somewheres in this block, I guess."

In the middle of the block, dingy with vacant stores, flyspecked plate glass, and ancient theatrical posters, they found a boy who had six ladybugs on a wilted lettuce leaf under a jelly glass. He looked as if he had been there on the curbing, observing the bugs, for a long time.

"Paddy Kelsey?" he repeated. "Probably he went up to Ed Peterson's. That's the stairway over the poolroom. I seen him comin' down from there a while ago."

"Over this poolroom right here?"

"You don't see no other poolroom, do you?"

There it was, a worn and dirty stairway that led to the musty flats upstairs. Well, thought Jack, Hap himself couldn't have managed it better. He'd found the place and he'd locate the right party. There couldn't be any doubt of that. Hard janes like Babe don't whine in Kelsey's barroom for nothing.

"Which floor is Peterson on?"

"Top floor," muttered the boy with the ladybugs.

They all hesitated for a minute. "You better wait here," Jack warned his followers. "There's so many of us, I'll go up alone."

"You wouldn't go up there where this fella is—this fella who done it?" Herman was horrified.

"Why not?"

"But, Christmas, Jack, you could call your old man! You said you'd call him to make the pinch."

He looked pityingly at the minister's son. "I ain't finished my case yet, dummy. If I called Hap now"—he paused impressively as he recalled a favorite expression of his father's—"we wouldn't have nothin' to hold him with except our brass buttons. I won't let Hap and th' department in on this, not me, until it's air-tight and lawyer-proof. Wait here, you guys, until I come back or send you word."

He silenced their protests with an upraised hand.

"But suppose he kills you, Jack—"

"Kill me? Huh!" He swaggered. "They ain't invented that good a gun."

He turned to the stairway.

ACROSS the street sounded a low whistle. "P-s-s-s-t. Jack!"

The boy turned. A man was hiding in the doorway of a vacant store and motioning to him. "P-s-s-s-t. Jack!"

It looked like—it was! It was his own father.

Trying to steal his job, Hap was. He'd show him. He'd let him know that he, Jack, was just as smart as the whole blamed police department.

Disregarding his father's signal, he ran up the stairs. He bet himself a nickel it was burning Hap plenty to find his own son beating him off the mark. Hap might wait for the wagon and the riot squad and the reserves before going into the building. But Jack wasn't scared to try it alone.

There were the doors of two flats at the top of the

building. The rear rooms were apparently vacant, for dust had been swept against the door. The front flat must be Peterson's, then.

Trailing him up the stairs, the boy could hear Hap's stealthy footsteps.

Breathlessly Jack rapped on the panel of the door. He'd be inside before his father was!

The door opened so suddenly that he almost fell into the arms of the man who opened it. He was a little man, the scariest individual the boy had ever encountered. He wasn't white, but a pasty gray, and his hands were trembling.

"Wh-h-h-who s-s-s-sent you?" Peterson stammered.

"Babe," the boy blurted out, because he had to say something.

"T-t-t-tell her yo-yo-you couldn't find me."

He pulled a rod out of his pants pocket and started to run down the stairs.

He was going to run right into Hap! He had the rod out, a loaded rod all ready to shoot. And he would meet Hap.

JACK felt very sick. He looked over the rail. He could see Ed Peterson clattering downward on the middle flight. His father, coming up, was nearly at the second landing.

"Watch yourself!" Jack called down. "He's runnin' out."

Just as he shouted his warning, they met face to face. Hap had his rod out, too.

"Drop your gun," the detective ordered. "Drop your gun, Ed!"

But Peterson wouldn't. Instead, he whirled and started up the stairs again, to get back to his room or to go over the roof. Jack

saw him coming and crouched down, wondering if Ed would take time to kill him.

In the middle of the top flight, when Jack could hear the man breathing hard from his climb, Peterson stubbed his toe. He fell right on his nose. It would have been funny if one had had time to think how funny it was.

Then Peterson turned around and sat down, right there on the stair tread—just quitting. Very slowly he put his gun to his head and fired one shot. Hap was so close to the man that he caught the body before it really slumped.

He looked up and saw Jack, who was hanging over the banister rail. "Ain't it funny," said Hap slowly, "how fast they fold when they run out of junk? Last night this poor hop-head would have give me the rodful. This morning he'd duck from his shadow. He was short just one deck of snow—which is lucky for me but too bad for him. What's he left in his room?"

Hap stepped over the drug addict's body as casually as if it had been a bundle of old clothing, walked to the top of the stairs and into the flat. At the front window he paused, blew a whistle twice, and waited until he heard it answered.

"I found him for you," Jack boasted.

"Yes." His father turned, frowning. "You found him. I'm going to talk to you about that! You made a great mess of it, too."

"Mess?" Jack's face fell. "He did the job, didn't he? He killed old Caliver, didn't he?"

"Yes, most likely he did. We figured so." Hap Wilson's voice was tired. "Somebody filled him full of snow—drugs, you kibitzer—and turned him loose. But Peterson was just their dopper. Their torpedo. We were going to deal with him as soon as he came out of the jumps. We had Paddy Kelsey see him, even. We were going to let him plead guilty to second-degree murder if he'd turn state's evidence against the gang who hired him. We couldn't reach them except through him."

"Oh."

"We'd have handled this poor fool with gloves, if you hadn't horned in. You scared him into doing the Dutch act out there on the stairs. That's what you did! And if he has a razor strap in his trunk I'm going to learn you to mind your own business once and for all. You spoiled the nicest set-up to knock off a mob of high-tension blackmailers that this old burg ever heard of!"

Jack hung his head. He realized the justice of his father's sentence.

He had spoiled a good pinch and he deserved everything that was coming to him.

"Say," he pleaded, "you don't have to let those kids downstairs know about it, do you?"

There was a glint of humor in Detective Wilson's eyes. "No. I wouldn't want anybody to know that my son was a fool."

"Thanks, Hap. Lick away."

Never before had the Wilson residence seen such industry.

Three boys were weeding the drive; two more were taking turns pushing the lawn mower, while volunteer assistants six, seven, eight, and nine carried ashes out of the cellar, trimmed the lawn, and picked up sticks.

Leaning against the corner of the house, because he felt more like

leaning than sitting down, was Jack. He was licking a ten-cent chocolate cone that Hi Reynolds had brought him.

"Yes, sir," Jack affirmed. "You seen just how police work's done. You seen it all but th' suicide. If I'd had time I'd have let you see that, too."

"Well," Hi admitted enviously and grudgingly, "th' papers say that was the fella who done the murder, all right."

"Sure. Sure it was. Yah-hoo, Herman!" He waved at the minister's son, who was jailed on his father's lawn across the street. "I'll tell you all about it Monday."

"Say," asked Hi suddenly, "what was your old man doin' to you, so long, up in the dead guy's room? Lickin' you, wasn't he?"

"Oh, that? Sure he licked me. He was mad that I didn't get this yard slicked up."

"And how does it come your name wasn't in the paper?"

"I'll tell you about that, Hi," Jack gulped down the last of the chocolate cone. "There's an awful lot of jealousy up to headquarters. And a guy like me, now—an outsider—no matter what he does, he don't have a Chinaman's chance!"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay \$1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Who wrote The Pied Piper of Hamelin?

2—What lake in the United States has no inlet or outlet?

3—How did shrapnel get its name?

4—How long is the measure known as a hand?

5—What is the meaning of the phrase "to catch a tartar"?

6—How many emperors ruled over the Roman Empire of the West?

7—In what town is there a monument to the boll weevil?

8—Who was the first Presidential candidate nominated by the modern Republican Party?

9—What country in South America was once, for a short time, the seat of government for a European kingdom?

10—How old was Methuselah when he died?

11—What state is not divided into counties?

12—What is the medical term for hiccup?

13—What is a swatch?

14—What is a dowsing?

15—Under which department of the government does the Patent Office operate?

16—What are rhinestones, and where did they originate?

17—What is the world's most famous whirlpool?

18—What play was Lincoln witnessing when he was assassinated?

19—Why are English policemen called bobbies?

20—What is the origin of the phrase "scot-free"?

(Answers will be found on page 57)

Question—What frequently happens to children who do not get enough Vitamin B? (See page 57 for answer)

Day-dreamers · Fidgeters · Poor Learners



often they are children who won't eat

The child who fusses over her food, who has to be coaxed into swallowing every mouthful, goes to school only *partly nourished*.

Her physical energy is so low that her brain acts slowly. Usually she lags along at the tail of her class.

If lack of appetite is your child's trouble, lose no time discovering the cause. What she may need is the important factor which makes appetite—*Vitamin B!*

Now you can so easily give her an abundance. With *Chocolate Vitavose!*

This delicious new food drink for children stimulates their appetite! Three heaping teaspoonfuls provide as much Vitamin B as a *whole quart* of milk.

Give Chocolate Vitavose to your child every day at mealtime or after school. She will eat more heartily and look better. Get it today at any reliable drug store.

Grown-ups who feel heavy and dull should not fail to try Chocolate Vitavose. It corrects intestinal sluggishness, due to lack of Vitamin B. Stimulating, delicious!

SQUIBB CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE
A delicious new food drink

Comedies



Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in the farce *Love Me Tonight*.

The story of an amateur who crashes Hollywood gives Harold Lloyd, ably assisted by Constance Cummings, the chance to hit a high note of comedy.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 56 seconds.)

I AM the last person in the world to advocate any sort of censorship, but it seems to me that the movie producers are playing with fire these days.

In many recent films there has been a definite trend toward double-meaning dialogue. This has been true of no one producer or organization, but these smudgy lines crop up almost everywhere. Producers may call it sophistication. I call it smut.

Maurice Chevalier's newest film, *Love Me Tonight*, is an instance in point. It is neither the worst example, nor the mildest. But it is full of dialogue that may draw down threats of censorship. Moreover, it courts trouble with the great mass of motion-picture audiences. For I still believe that the public is clean-minded.

- 1 star means fairly good.
- 2 stars, good.
- 3 stars, excellent.
- 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ MOVIE CRAZY

CAST

Harold Lloyd
Constance Cummings
Kenneth Thomson
Spencer Charters
Louise Closser Hale
Robert McWade
Harold Goodwin
Lucy Beaumont
De Witt Jennings
Mary Doran
Directed by Clyde Bruckman.
Produced by Paramount.

The task of making a feature comedy is a tough one. The job requires

months, infinite patience, and a shrewd sense of what will make the public chuckle.

Harold Lloyd's new laugh film is an expert model of its kind. It comes pretty near being his most perfect comedy. There is no question but that Lloyd himself is at his individual best.

Movie Crazy follows the Merton of the Movies formula, being the story of a boob's attempt to storm Hollywood's portals, his unconscious ability to be hilarious when he thinks he is dramatic, his unexpected acceptance (against his will) as a comedian.

Movie Crazy, despite its familiar plot, is splendidly and cleanly amusing. There is one matchless sequence: Harold has crashed an exclusive Hollywood party. The chief entertainer is a parlor magician. In the washroom Harold picks up the prestidigitator's full-dress coat by mistake. Later Harold dances with the big film producer's wife. It is essential that he please the dowager, but eggs, rabbits, white mice, and even a dove burst from his coat in amazing confusion. Harold is thrown bodily from the ultra gathering.

Lloyd gives a legitimately able performance. He is no mere wooden victim of a harassing series of gags, for he is whimsically appealing, admirably ingratiating as the hapless hero.

And he gets splendid aid from Constance Cummings, who is the best foil for Lloyd comedy in a long, long time.

★ ★ ★ HORSE FEATHERS

CAST

Prof. Wagstaff.....Groucho Marx
Harpo.....Harpo Marx
Chico.....Chico Marx
Zeppo.....Zeppo Marx
Connie Bailey.....Thelma Todd
Jennings.....David Landau
Peggy Carrington.....Florine McKinney
Mullins.....James Pierce
McCarthy.....Nat Pendleton
Pres. of College.....Reginald Barlow
Prof. Hornsvogel.....Robert Greig
Policeman.....Ben Taggart
Directed by Norman McLeod.
Produced by Paramount.

A Marx comedy of typical idiocies and flip puns. Indeed, Groucho, Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo will strain a film to the breaking point for a pun any time.

I am not fool enough to try to tell a Marx plot. Suffice it to say that Groucho (of the spectacles and painted mustache) is president of Huxley University, where his son Zeppo, a student, has fallen victim to the wiles of the college widow. "You're trying to ruin my boy," protests Professor Groucho. "Why can't you devote a little time to me?" Groucho tries to hire professional toughs for his college team, and the comedy lapses into an amazing grid-iron contest.

All this moves according to the Marxian plan. Groucho wise-cracks;

Take Command



Two old favorites, Ed-
Lowe and Victor
McLaglen, in the com-
edy relief of the melo-
drama *Guilty as Hell*.

The tribulations of a college presi-
dent provide Groucho Marx (above),
Harpo, Chico, and Zeppo with the fun
motif in the picture *Horse Feathers*.

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

the red-wigged Harpo, as the re-
sourceful campus dog catcher, pur-
sues canines and plays the harp;
Chico argues with Groucho as the
college iceman-bootlegger; and Zeppo
is inadequate enough as the campus
sheik not to intrude upon a pun.
Thelma Todd reveals a fine stamina
as the college widow fighting off the
Marxes for seven reels.

★ LOVE ME TONIGHT

CAST

Maurice Courtelin... Maurice Chevalier
Princess Jeanette... Jeanette MacDonald
Vicomte Gilbert de Varez...
Charlie Ruggles
Count de Savignac... Charles Butterworth
Countess Valentine... Myrna Loy
The Duke... C. Aubrey Smith
First Aunt... Elizabeth Patterson
Second Aunt... Ethel Griffies
Third Aunt... Blanche Frederici
The Doctor... Joseph Cawthorn
Major-domo... Robert Greig
Dressmaker... Ethel Wales
Emile... Bert Roach

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.
Produced by Paramount.

This comedy is surprisingly unsat-
isfactory. The producers have taken
the Ernst Lubitsch formula of song-
and-story films, hired the usual Mau-
rice Chevalier cast, added ideas from
recent European musical pictures,
gone pretty far in off-color lines—and
stumbled over themselves.

Chevalier plays a gay, amorous
Paris tailor. Jeanette MacDonald is a
lonely princess guarded in a castle by
an old uncle and three aunts. The

princess falls in love with the tailor,
rejects him when she discovers his
trade, pursues him when she finds she
loves him.

Under Lubitsch guidance this
might have sparked. Under Rouben
Mamoulian's direction it drags into
blind alleys of arty direction, strains
for beautiful photography, and lacks
any sort of cohesion. While I blame
Mamoulian for the failure of *Love
Me Tonight*, I want to check up black
marks against the authors and lyri-
cists for smudgy "humor." It is a
pity to find charming Miss MacDon-
ald, attractive Myrna Loy, and able
Charles Butterworth in the midst of
smutty dialogue. Joseph Cawthorn
should be mentioned for his fine bit as
a French doctor.

★ GUILTY AS HELL

CAST

Russell Kirk, the reporter. Edmund Lowe
McKinley, the detective. Victor McLaglen
Frank Marsh... Richard Arlen
Vera Marsh... Adrienne Ames
Dr. Ernest Tindall... Henry Stephenson
Jack Reed... Ralph Ince
Julia Reed... Noel Francis
Mrs. Ward... Elizabeth Patterson
Dr. Sully... Arnold Lucy
Sergt. Alcock... Willard Robertson
The Governor... William B. Davidson
District Attorney... Richard Tucker
Detective Duffy... Fred Kelsey
Detective Brown... Earl Pingree
Mrs. Alvin... Lillian Harmer
Directed by Erle C. Kenton.
Produced by Paramount.

A mystery play in which the audi-
ence holds the secret from the start.

The plot shows how a middle-aged
physician kills his unfaithful young
wife and then throws suspicion upon
her lover, how the police follow each
false clue to the end, and how the per-
fect alibi is slowly but surely broken
down.

This is a plot with possibilities
(particularly as the homicidal doctor
is well done by Henry Stephenson),
but the whole thing has been thrown
out of gear by introducing Edmund
Lowe and Victor McLaglen in another
Quirt-Flagg sez-you duet. This time
they make their appearance as a hard-
boiled reporter and a tough, dumb de-
tective.

Do you know that—

John Barrymore has just selected
his brother Lionel as the best actor
in films, Greta Garbo as the ablest
actress?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress
Dances, One Hour with You, Shang-
hai Express.

★★★—Congorilla, A Successful
Calamity, The First Year, What
Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude,
American Madness, Red-Headed
Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Win-
ner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You
Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty
Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece,
The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is
Weak, Are You Listening? So Big,
The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the
City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tar-
zan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Cir-
cus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life,
The Man Who Played God.

*When a Young Artist Is
in Love You Can Believe
Almost Anything*

It's

By PENRHYN



*Pictures
by the
AUTHOR*

*"I look over the roofs at night and dream.
And she come and make the light and pull
down the shade."*

(Reading time: 10 minutes 56 seconds.)

BILL and I were to meet at the Café du Dome or the Café de Versailles. First it was the Dome, then the Versailles, and then the Dome, until the thing got muddled, as things are liable to do when two old friends meet by chance after sunset in Paris.

At any rate, the next morning found me strolling along the Boulevard Montparnasse without a thing to worry about except where I was to meet Bill. When I reached the Dome and saw the people sitting at the tables on the sidewalk enjoying the spring sunshine, I decided that I would wait there, or at least have a drink there and think the whole thing over again.

The waiter brought me my order and I settled down to enjoy the panorama. Midinettes, musicians, murderers, mashers, rug sellers, rascals, reformers—all are in the show. The window mender with the glass in the funny contraption on his back, the olive vender with his soft cry of "Zolive—zolive!" furnish a never-ending background for your thoughts or a stimulus if you haven't any. I hadn't any, so I amused myself speculating as to who the passers were and what business they might be about.

Two girls whom I took for Americans as they approached, spoke as they passed, and I knew that I was mistaken and that they were English.

A young man who had passed stopped and stood on the corner. He was by no means an uncommon type for the

Latin Quarter. Perhaps it was because he was so typical that he held my eye. He wore a loose-fitting blue suit and a black soft felt hat. His dark hair was rather long and his flowing bow tie told as plainly as the paint box he carried that he was an artist. As I watched he turned round, and I was struck by the delicate beauty of his features and transparent whiteness of his skin, emphasized by deep-set brown eyes and darkly modeled eyebrows.

As I watched him his eyes met mine with a deep troubled expression, then looked away. He started walking slowly back the way he had come, and as he approached my table looked again at me with unhappy eyes. Then hesitancy left him and he came directly to where I sat. Reaching my table, he removed his hat and exposed a finely modeled, sensitive brow. He bowed and said in a strongly accented English, "Is it possible, perhaps, monsieur, that you buy a binoculaire?" He reached in his pocket and placed a pair of yellow pigskin field glasses in front of me. "Secon'and," he added.

I glanced at the glasses and then at his troubled eyes. "But these are new?" I hazarded.

"Three day old," he said, and as he spoke he swayed and would have fallen had he not caught the edge of my table for support; as it was, he almost pulled the table over and did spill some of my Scotch.

"Your pardon, monsieur!" he said, "but for two day I have not eat."

"Sit down, my boy," said I, and pulled out a chair for him.

"*Merci*," he said, and sat, and I noticed that he kept opening and closing his hands as though he were in pain.

"Let me order something. Some soup?" I suggested.

"I thank monsieur," he said, "but I am not beggar."

I felt embarrassed. "But, damn it all," I expostulated, "when a man's starving—"

"If we make business," he broke in, indicating the binoculars, "perhaps fifty or sixty francs. I assure monsieur I pay much more three day ago."

"Yes, I can quite well believe it," said I. "But how is it that you buy a fine pair of field glasses a few days ago and now you are starving?"

"Monsieur, I am artist painter. I am sensitive. I am emotional. And it happen like this— But, monsieur, perhaps I detain you?" He started to rise.

"Not at all," said I; "on the contrary, I have nothing to do and am very much interested."

"Very well, then," he said. "Monsieur, I come from Marseilles. There I paint, and this winter past I gain the silver medal. Then my friend Henri, who paint here in Paris, he write and say, time you come to Paris. Three weeks ago I come. I go to live with Henri in his atelier."

"I am arrived two days and his mother die. Henri need money to go to his village. He have not any. I give him what I have, but I keep five francs for myself. Henri take me to the Rendezvous au Cochers, the little restaurant where we eat. Mme. Carpentier she is *patronne*. 'Madame,' he say, 'this is *mon ami* Pierre—he gain the silver medal at Marseilles. Some day he will make the noise at the salon. My mother she is dead yesterday. Pierre have give me his money and today I go. There are the affairs and for one or two week maybe I return not. It is necessary that Pierre eat; therefore I pray you, madame, to give to Pierre to eat until I return.'

Paris

STANLAWS

"'But you owe me two hundred and twenty francs now,' say madame.

"'That I will pay from the testament,' Henri reply.

"Madame say, 'Oh, well—understood. But for two weeks alone—after that he eats no more.'

"'Understood!' say Henri, and he go by train.

"Monsieur, I am happy in the atelier of Henri. I work and I sing, and when I finish work I look out of the roofs, for we are high up—five stories high up. But not very far away and not very near is another building five stories high up. Of that building I can see one window, and when I rest and look out, in that window I see a woman—a girl. She wash her hands.

"Monsieur, I am artist—I am sensitive. She is too long for me to see clearly, but she is near enough to see she have red hair and she is not old. Monsieur! I am alone in Paris. I have no friend. Henri he is gone. I look over the roofs at night and I dream. And she come and make the light and pull down the shade and I see her make ready and go to the bed. She is my friend—the only friend I have in all of Paris.

"Soon I know when she rise, when she go out, when she return, when she go to the bed. I call her Mimi on account of La Bohême. To me she is Mimi.

"One morning, while I watch and she make her toilet, she see me and she wave a lovely white arm from the window. I wave back. Then always we wave. Every night I look over the roofs of Paris and I think of her. Every morning I get up early to be there at my window to see her wave *bonjour*.

"MONSIEUR, my eyes are good but I cannot see her clearly—a thing I desire much. Monsieur, I am emotional. I have already made a beautiful story between us—a dream story. I am mad to see her eyes, her nose, her lips. I cannot. I go to Mme. Carpentier and ask for binoculaire. She have them not. I ask the *concierge*—he have them not. I am finished!

"Each day to the window I go, but I cannot see her lips; I cannot see her eyes. Only when she wave my heart it goes. Monsieur, you think this stupid? You think I am fool? Monsieur, I am artist—all artist are fool. Some night I watch her window after I see her go to the bed until it is morning. Maybe, I think, she know I watched.

"I go to the Rendezvous au Cochers. Mme. Carpentier she say, 'Monsieur Henri is not return. It is two weeks. You eat not here again.'

"The next night at the hour of dinner, but I have hunger! I go to see Mme. Carpentier. She is iron—she is marble. But she tell me of a rich American who come there to buy pictures by artists of the future. She give him my street number and say he will make visit tomorrow.

"On tomorrow he come to see me—M. Cook of Chicago. You know him? No? He is big man, and his wife she is fat also. One picture he and madame like, but it need varnish. He say, 'Make proper and I give you two hundred and fifty francs.'

"'But,' I say, 'the price of this picture is five hundred francs.'

"'My price,' he say, 'is two hundred and fifty francs. Shall I come tomorrow?'

"I say, 'Yes, monsieur.' And then I notice that madame have in her lap a binoculaire glass.

"When I first see it, it is impossible for me to speak. I look out of window. Mimi she is there. I ask for use



of glass. Madame she give it me. I say I want to regard Paris from the window. I take binoculaire and my hand tremble. I go and I look out. I pretend to see Paris. Then I look at the window of Mimi.

"Never, monsieur, shall I forget the moment! Mimi she makes her toilet. Monsieur, she is ravishing! Her hair is beaten bronze. Her nose is perfect—absolutely perfect. Her lips are of what I dream all my life. She look up and see me and wave. When she wave her negligee slip back—and M. Cook pull the glass from my hand.

"'Sorry, but we must be going,' he say.

"They go, and I look over the roofs at Mimi; but again she is far away. That afternoon, while I watch, Mimi come to the window and make signal to me. I make signal back. Then she hold up letter she have wrote—printed big on a carton. I strain my eyes but it I cannot read. She point to the sign and hold it against the window glass. Still I cannot read. Monsieur, I am frantic. She speaks to me and I cannot hear! She try to affix sign in window, but it will not remain. Then she wave and go away.

"Monsieur, I walk the floor. I tear my hair. I weep. Monsieur, I am an artist—I am emotional—I suffer. I look over the roofs and I wait. At nine o'clock, as her habit, she make the light and pull the shade and go to the bed. But that night, monsieur, before she go to the bed, she lift the shade, she put out the light, and she stand there white in the moonshine, and she kiss her hand to me.

"Tomorrow in the morning M. Cook he come. I am faint because I have hunger. Mme. Cook she does not come, nor does the binoculaire come. M. Cook is satisfy. He take the picture and give me two hundred and fifty francs and he go. I am happy because now I eat. But I am faint. I go to the window to get the air current, and there is Mimi.

She wave and point—she is arranging the signal in the window. I strain to read her signal. I lean so far I almost fall out. I am mad, monsieur. I am mad with happiness—I am mad with hunger—I am mad with the great passion. The hunger that is physical—it is not for the artist.

Expected to go through life with **TARNISHED TEETH**



Imagine her delight when New-Type
Dental Cream cleans her teeth
sparkling white
almost overnight

Now if your smile reveals tarnished teeth that blot out beauty as a dark cloud does the sun, it's nobody's fault but your own. For the way has been found to **MAKE TEETH WHITE AND ATTRACTIVE**—even if years of brushing have failed to do so.

You can get rid of the yellow ridges, remove off-color and stain, and clean your teeth to their natural gleaming whiteness in just two minutes a day. Simply discard ordinary preparations and start using Kolynos—a double-strength, highly anti-septic dental cream that **ACHIEVES RESULTS IMPOSSIBLE BEFORE**.

This amazing dental cream contains two secret ingredients that make it such a remarkable cleanser and whitener. One ingredient literally foams over the teeth, into every tiny crevice. It quickly dissolves away tartar and stain and kills millions of germs that are the source of most

tooth and gum troubles—other toothpastes seldom give you such protection. While this important purifying is going on the second ingredient gently cleans and polishes the tooth enamel.

After the very first time you use Kolynos your teeth will look better. They will feel cleaner. **AND SOON THEY WILL BE WHITER THAN IN YEARS.** Your mouth will feel cleaner, too—for Kolynos sweetens and purifies the breath as competently as any mouth wash you could use.

Now don't endure off-color, ugly looking teeth another day—give up old-fashioned brushing methods and start using Kolynos—just a half-inch on a dry brush morning and night.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Whitens Teeth 3 Shades in 3 Days

"Again I try to read the signal. I give up. I rush to the street—to the shop with the binoculaire. 'How much?' I say. 'Two hundred and fifty francs,' he say. I give him the money of M. Cook and rush to see again my Mimi. I go upstairs four—five at once. I go to the window. The signal it is there.

"I arrange the binoculaire. I see the signal. I make it clear. I read it. It say:

THIS ONE-ROOM
APARTMENT To LET
Apply to the Concierge

And I see that the curtain and furniture also are gone."

He had been so earnest—so pathetically earnest—that it took a minute for the situation to sink in. Then I lay back and howled. I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks and my head ached. Then I looked at him. He was gathering up his "binoculaire."

"Monsieur, to you perhaps it is funny. I do not laugh," he said—and I went into another paroxysm.

He started to rise. I grabbed his arm. "My friend," said I, "forgive me, but we Americans have a stupid sense of humor. These glasses," I continued, taking the binoculars from his hand, "are just as good today as they were three days ago, and I trust that you will permit me to purchase them at their original value." I laid the money on the table.

"Monsieur, what you say is true, and I accept. Nevertheless I think you are very generous." He folded the notes and put them in his pocket.

"Monsieur perhaps would like to see—to buy one of my pictures?"

"No, thanks," said I. "As a matter of fact, I am an artist myself."

"Monsieur has the heart of the artist," he said, and bowed and left me.

IT was altogether too good—I simply had to find Bill. Bill, I must tell you, is one of the best story-tellers in New York, and here was meat for him. Here was something he could work upon. He would elaborate it; he would burnish it until it was a gem—then he would tell it at the Luncheon Club.

But I couldn't find Bill. When I reached the Versailles he had gone, leaving word with the waiter that he would meet me at the Café des Lilas at five o'clock. I felt peeved and lonely, so I went to Longchamps, where I discovered that the glasses were useless for picking winners.

It was a lovely day and had brought out a big crowd, and I was held up again and again by the motors and taxis on the way back, so it was after five thirty when I finally reached the Lilas. I was fearful that Bill might have gone, but I spotted him at once. He waved for me to come to his table.

"Pull out a chair!" he commanded.

I started to do so—then stopped. Bill's expression was changing and the corners of his mouth turning up. On the table in front of him lay a pair of yellow pigskin field glasses.

THE END

Housecleaning the English Language

By
DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"



"This Image is no longer available"



MOTH-EATEN SAYING DOOMED

"OUR language is now in the doldrums," says N. Snatt of the Anti-Bromide League. "Mossy expressions must go! Already we are fighting down that

insipid one, 'as crowded as sardines in a box.' When the sardine packers adopt our ingenious method of uncongested packing, this irritating expression will pass away."

GRASSHOPPER WHEEZE ON SKIDS

"ONE expression that gives me the groans," says grammarian Fessenden, "is that tripe about being 'knee-high to a grasshopper.' If a kiddie must be knee-high to something, for heaven's sake why a grasshopper? I am offering an entirely lovable beast, urging that the saying be changed to 'knee-high to a Fessendenopod.'"

"This Image is no longer available"



A CUCKOO IS NOT CUCKOO

"IT'S bad enough when a saying is dull," says the Anti-Bromide League, "but when it *lies*, that's unforgivable. For example, calling crazy people 'cuckoo.' In justice to the cuckoo, we have probed the sanity of five thousand birds by testing their knee jerks, and relatively the cuckoo is a genius! If one must name the insane after a bird, let them pick on the blue-finch, whom we know to be a dolt without doubt."



Vox

Making a Farm Feed Five

LEESBURG, FLA.—I've been reading your back-to-the-farm letters in Vox Pop with a great deal of interest, and those that are pro and those that are con are both right. It takes lots of money to go into farming to make money, but as a life-saving proposition I say, "Back to the farm!"

I have not had a job for more than two and a half years—not since the boom burst—yet I've kept five mouths



fed and five bodies clothed and three children schooled all this time. I have no farm animals, or any tools larger than a push plow, and I'm not a farmer, either.

Occasionally I get a job for a day in our nearest town. I've had two days' work in the last two months.

A man determined to keep off the pauper list will find ways and means. It is pretty hard work—but he'll keep body and soul together, and keep his pride.

Yes, my advice to men in the bread or soup line is: "Let the land feed you!"—R. A. T.

The Plan for a Burdenless Bonus

MANSFIELD CENTER, CONN.—I suspect Liberty had a twinkle in its editorial eye when it published its comment about paying the soldiers' bonus with stamps pasted on governmental "scrip." And probably its ink-covered tongue was plunged deep in its figurative cheek when it challenged economic and governmental experts with the scheme.

You call it "eating your cake and having it." The idea, I think, is even cleverer than that. It is a scheme to lift yourself over the fence by your own boot straps.—E. J. Chamberlin.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.—Your editorial, "Pay Two Billion Bonus to the Soldiers Without Cost to the Government," was, without doubt, the best editorial ever printed in your or any other publication this year.

According to our leading economists the general price level is the barometer of our business condition; a high price

level denoting prosperity, and a low price level denoting depression. Heaven help us, we all believe that now. According to the same economists there are four conditions that determine the price level:

1. The flow of gold to and from a country.
2. The amount of money in circulation in that country.
3. The velocity, or turnover, of the money in circulation.
4. The amount of available credit.

The plan submitted in the editorial would increase the amount of money in circulation by the amount of scrip issued, and there would be a rapid turnover of this money because it would be placed in the hands of spenders, and would do them no good unless they spent it. Indirectly it would affect the other two conditions by increasing bank deposits and stimulating trade.

This plan would enable the soldiers to save the country again, from perhaps a more disastrous condition than in 1914.—Ousley Welch.

They May Kick But They Still Read It

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Want to know what I think about Liberty? Well, my opinion is that it's so good I'd like to hang up posters, like a candidate running for office, and make speeches about it!



Aaron L. Herschkowitz

Here, where I live, our high-school dramatic club dramatizes the stories in your magazine, and shows them before audiences. That's what we think about your nickel's worth of good stuff.

I say not to sell Liberty to anyone who kicks up about not getting full value for their five cents.—Aaron L. Herschkowitz.

Well, Helen, Freaks Are Human, Too

CHICAGO, ILL.—At Ringling's Circus last night I saw one, two, three (count 'em) of the side-show freaks reading the latest issue of Liberty as they sat up on exhibition, waiting for the barker to introduce them to the crowd.

Miss Tiny, the smallest woman on earth, the male member of the midget troupe, and the sword swallower all kept Liberty between them and the stares of the curious.

Since there were only three of the exhibited reading—the others were writing letters, knitting, thinking, or just sitting—that makes the batting average of Liberty with the freaks one hundred per cent, or perfect.

You are welcome. Don't mention it.—Helen W. Carr.

Uncle Sam's Speed Is Slipping

SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.—Liberty, without question, is America's best read weekly and, with such an enormous circulation, you might well adopt the policy of urging that the United States return to the position it once held in the field of mechanical sports—i.e., the following:

1. The world's speed record for airplanes.
2. The world's speed record for automobiles.
3. The world's speed record for motor boats.

The United States at one time held all of these records and it is galling to a patriotic American to see them passing from our country to Great Britain without some concentrated effort to secure their return to these shores.—Clyde Hogsett.

Can't You Be Sweeter?

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Prohibition will never be a success as long as Liberty is published. We read your "magazine tabloid" and are driven to drink.—W. F. W., Jr.

Short Shout from Susan

CHICAGO, ILL.—I find the sordid realism of most of the stories published in American magazines thoroughly depressing. And that is why "Secret Guidance," by James Hopper, was, to me, like a cool breeze on a stifling day. It was full of romantic imagination.

Tell him to do it again!—Susan.

He Bumped Into a Buddy

BOSTON, MASS.—It isn't often I bump into a character, in fiction, who comes right to life for me. But Rex Beach, in his serial "Beyond Control," socked the bull's-eye with his Casey Haddon, war



ace, demon flyer, and sturdy, two-fisted drinker. Wow, wotta boy!

Why, that man Casey and I could be buddies easy! If he was alive—and he is, almost—I'd like nothing better than to split a pretzel and a liquid headache with him, and talk about the great days in France.—Just Another Pilot Who Likes His Liquor.

Pop



Sweet Music for Ben Hecht

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Some authors can write the king's English better than the king himself; others can characterize; still others can dope out a plot that packs a punch. But Ben Hecht, who's been contributing some swell short stories to Liberty, can do all three of

WE'RE SHORT ON
\$1,000 BILLS, BUT WILL
THIS DO?



these things. That boy is the Triple Threat to other authors.

His recent story, "The Mystery of the Man with the Accordion," had everything it takes to make a smashing good yarn, plus some more.

You'd better give Mr. Hecht a \$1,000 bill as a fiction-writing prize, or, if you're too hard up, just now, to do that, you might give him . . . I've got it! A big accordion, in honor of his best story.—*H. Harris.*

Nature's Afterthought: Men

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Here's to that brave Vox Popper, Mr. D. Eyoub!

There is nothing that makes a woman burst more with laughter than so-called profundities such as his. Just listen to him:

"Women, in spite of their association, for many thousands of years, with their betters, the men, have not made even a faint imprint in the book of first-magnitude accomplishments."

The only reason men's "superiority" has been maintained all these dark ages is because of the uneasy suspicion that women might, indeed, be their equals, if not their superiors, in many ways, so all efforts have been combined to keep them sweet, subdued, and adoring. Now that new values have been thrust upon the world, and women have broken forth from some of the stupid man-made traditions, there is a general howl of dismay from the less intelligent ranks of *Homo sapiens*.

As to women not accomplishing any works of great magnitude, Mr. Eyoub must be blind as well as mentally dumb. Of course, in the past, we have had to concentrate our energies on making our men great. Great men owe their creation to women, and to no one else.

I advise Mr. Eyoub to read an up-to-

date biology book by a reputable authority, and he might then receive the disconcerting information that the male was but an afterthought of nature, anyway.

But then—let the poor dears bask in their egocentric dreams while they may, for I very much fear that before many more decades they'll have to find something weaker than women to make them look like big, masterful creatures.—*A. Dearing.*

Well, as a General Rule It Is

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I am a steady reader of Liberty, and have placed great confidence in Frederick James Smith's movie reviews.

However, in reviewing "What Price Hollywood" he made the following comment:

"As she rises to the top, he suddenly slips to the bottom."

"She befriends him, and his final suicide unleashes the moral righteousness of the movie masses."

I would like to inquire how his former suicides affected the movie masses? I have been under the impression that one suicide was usually fatal.—*E. L. Archer.*

Three-Cornered Debate on "Shoot and Be Damned!"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—If the sarge's offer of "Shoot and Be Damned!" is still open, I hereby apply for the first three shots at him, and will take my chances on damnation.—*S. M. B.*

CHARLEVOIX, MICH.—I don't blame Halyburton for getting the money, but if there ever was a spinner of romances, he's one.—*Seven Months in a German Prison Camp.*

LA CROSSE, KAN.—I see that Dr. Alfons Richter and Peter J. Kessler, representing more than thirty thousand members of the German-American Sport Alliance of North America, had a letter in Vox Pop protesting against the "contamination" of printing Sergeant Ed Halyburton's series, "Shoot and Be Damned!"

But, as far as I can see, the author is not blaming anyone or any group. He is merely stating facts about war's degradation, lawlessness, hate, and futility.



Flo Pierce

I think most of us need something just like this to strip the false glamour from armed conflict.

I, too, am of German origin, but fail to feel any slur on myself in any article of this series. So I say, let's have some more stories like "Shoot and Be Damned!"—*Flo Pierce.*

Call Yourself Balled Up? Why, You're Inspired!

NOTRE DAME, IND.—I'd like to ask you why in the h—— you ran four continued stories at one time?

I can't complain about the brain that is hiding under my tuft of blond hair, but even the best of us get rather balled up when it comes to trying to keep four stories in one's head at the same time.



Babe Daele

I slipped into such a state that I was afraid that, pretty soon, I'd be thinking the Honolulu martyrs had "No More Orchids," so consequently got "Beyond Control" and told Ed Halyburton to "Shoot and Be Damned!"—*Babe Daele.*

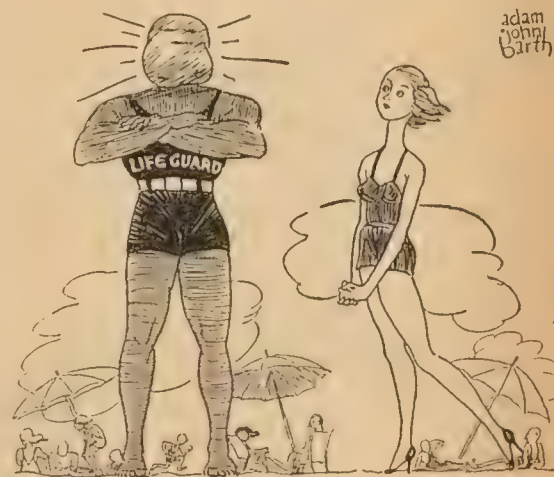
No, They Come in Here Snorting with Pleasure

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The buffaloes on the nickels must certainly feel like h—— to be exchanged for Libertys.—*William P. Johnston.*

Meow!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lowell Thomas' eulogy of life guards entitled "The Apollos of the Beach" was far from a complete picture. That article brought back amusing memories to me. When I was in my teens my family used to take me to some beach resort every summer, and at fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen I used to fall for just about every good-looking life guard I saw.

At eighteen I discovered that, though they might have the look of Grecian



statues, most of them hadn't any brains. Why, I can think of two or three who were so vacuum-minded that, if they'd had potatoes poised on their necks instead of heads, their thinking would have been just as clear.

Of course they're brave. But I couldn't resist pointing out, just mildly and politely, that, though they can do a lot for a drowning body, they can't do much for an eager mind.—*Lois.*

An Extraordinary Tale of Reckless Lives

MEN *of the* UND

Hair-Raising Experiences of Divers Who Combat the Perils of the Deep as Part of their Everyday Duties

(Reading time: 18 minutes 55 seconds.)

IN twenty-odd years of wandering up and down the globe I have met many men who follow trails that are strange and trails that are hazardous. Among them have been a number of unassuming fellows who weave and float about in that silent place, the murky world under the sea.

"Tell me the truth," I said to Charlie Sweeny, a veteran of the depths, lean, bronzed, and wiry, who could not have been anything but a seafaring man. "How about the battles you have had with sharks and—"

"And sea serpents?" he added. And as he spoke he fixed his pale-blue eyes on me reproachfully. I flushed a bit, because I was simply trying to draw him out.

"Sharks, huh! They're the least of our worries."

"Well, they bother other people—quite a little," I insisted.

"Not us divers. Not often, anyway. The boys account for it in different ways. Some say a diver, with his iron helmet and inflated suit and the lines trailin' out behind him, doesn't look like anything alive, but like some kind of a machine. Then others think that the stream of air bubbles—they glisten like jewels—risin' up from the exhaust valve in the helmet scares 'em away.

"I only had a run-in with a shark once, an' that was my own damn' fault. It was in the West Indies. I'd gone down to clear a propeller. The water is clear down there, and I swear I counted twenty-five sharks.

"Only one paid any attention to me. But he was a tough-looking customer about fifteen feet long. He swung close, like he was sniffin' around—like a big dog. I was younger then. I'd been told that the worst thing you can do is let a wild animal know you're scared of him. They'd told me, too, that a shark isn't dangerous as long as you can see him. It's when he dives down and around behind you that he does his stuff. So I swung over with my back to the hull of the ship so I could watch him. He didn't do nothing. Just kept there in front of me as if he was lookin' me over.

"It didn't make me any too comfortable. Sort of took my mind off my work. Then I says to myself, 'I'll let the bum know I ain't afraid of him.' An' I did a crazy thing. I braced one foot against the hull behind me and when he came closer I gave him a push in the face with my iron shoe, putting all I had behind it.

"He flipped back about ten feet—like he was surprised. Then I saw his tail swish. Next second I couldn't see anything. The water was churning. Just

swirling around me. I swung out into it with my hammer, although you can't do much swinging in water. By God's own luck I hit him somewhere on the head. As the water cleared a little I saw him below me. (I'd given the signal to haul me up.) I took my knife, and as he shot up toward me I jabbed down at him where I thought his eye might be. It must have thrown him off his stride. Anyway, he hit me broadside. As he wriggled he pinned me tight against the side of the ship. Again and again and again I dug my knife into him. But it was just like jabbing so much rubber.

"Then I realized the boys topside had stopped hauling. They stop every ten feet or so to give your system a chance to adjust itself to the change in pressure. They didn't know anything was wrong. I gave the S O S signal with one hand while I kept stabbing with the other. But my strength was going. Again I braced myself and drove my heavy iron shoe into the shark. I saw him swish back ready for another go at me. Then I felt my life line grow taut with a jerk. Up I shot. The shark made another lunge. He tore a jagged hole about two feet long in my suit just below my hip—but before he could try again they were hauling me over the side.

"Then, about four days later, I saw a little girl have her leg bit off by one near Kingston, Jamaica. She died in a few hours. Since then I haven't been going around kicking any sharks in the face—uh-uh, not me."

"But it ain't the sharks that bother a diver," said Bill Dean. "You don't see sharks in these waters around New York. You don't see anything. You're workin' in the next thing to total darkness in the harbor here, an' in the East River an' the Hudson. The water isn't what you'd call clear. So you got to feel your way around with your hands. An' sometimes, like when you're layin' dynamite, that ain't so hot."

"Laying dynamite?" I asked.



ERSEA

By LOWELL
THOMAS

Picture by EDGAR MCGRAW

"Sure. I've laid as much as forty ton of dynamite in my time. Blastin' out defunct piers or what not. We was takin' down the cement seats of a bridge once, over a river. It wasn't very deep—about seventeen feet—or this couldn't have happened to me. I'd gone down an' set the dynamite. They'd hauled me up an' then they fired her off.

"Only she didn't go off. Nothin' happened. That's the thing I always dread: Goin' back down to see what's wrong—never knowin' whether the stuff is goin' to blow up in your face.

"This time we gave her plenty of time. Just standing there waiting and listening and looking down. But nothing happened. Finally the boss said I'd better go down and see what was wrong. Somehow I didn't move—kept



EDGAR
MCGRAW

"I GAVE him a push in the face with my iron shoe, putting all I had behind it. He flipped back about ten feet—like he was surprised."

lookin' at that water, praying to God that charge would go off. But finally I couldn't wait any longer without making a fool of myself. I told 'em to screw on my helmet.

"Something in me kept telling me that stuff was going off. And that feeling nearly made me sick to my stomach when the water closed over my head and it was black all around me. They let me down slow, inch by inch. That made me feel worse. I knew they were expectin' something on topside, too. I finally got down and they swung me, slow, over toward the dynamite line.

"Then I began to grope around for it. I never did this before—but I kept my eyes tight shut. A lot of good that did. Well, finally my hands hit the line. I could feel it shaking. I went down a little deeper—then it seemed like I'd have to signal to 'haul away.' I had my hand on the life line.

"I tried to pull. I couldn't. The water all around me suddenly was shaking like jelly. Next second it was like something had grabbed my helmet and had just yanked it and my suit clean off me. I almost choked. An' then I knew I was shooting like a rocket through the water. That's all I knew. But some way I didn't go out. There was a blinding flash of light in my eyes. I saw the float stage—just a second—then it was all black again.

"Well, I'd been shot clean out of the water, and dropped back in. They said I looked like a flying fish. And landing in the water should have knocked the breath out of me. But it didn't. I felt myself dropping like a torpedo. Then the speed eased up and I was standing still. I knew what it meant. I was buried to my neck in the mud. I could still breathe. That's the miracle. There'd been enough slack in the air hose for that. But I couldn't move a muscle. I was just standing there wondering if they could pull me out. I felt them tugging at the line, tugging, tugging. I didn't budge.

"Then it was as if my helmet jumped up and nearly pulled my head off. Damned if I wasn't shooting straight up through the water again! The air they'd kept pumping down to me had made me so light that when the mud let go, up I went again like a rocket. This time it was too much. I didn't know anything more until I came to on the deck. 'That flying-fish act of yours is good, Bill,' the boss says when I opened my eyes. 'But twicet is enough. Don't overdo it.'"

"THERE'S things a lot worse than that," said another seriously. "It's when your nose or your ear gets to itching inside the helmet—and you can't scratch it. Once I found there was a big bottle fly inside my helmet. It damn' near drove me nutty before they hauled me out."

That mud in the waters around New York is often twenty or twenty-five feet deep. A diver sometimes works in mud up to his armpits. And vessels that sink frequently come to rest buried twelve or fifteen feet in the mud. Then the boys must "wash a tunnel" under them so that hoisting chains can be driven under the hull. The "washing" is done by a high-pressure hose which blasts the slimy mud away with its stream of water while the diver works a cable through which is attached to the chain.

"The nozzle pressure has to be terrific, of course," one chap explained. "An' I got in front of that hose once.

Well, in I went, right into my own tunnel. I guess I was buried about to my waist, with my legs stickin' out into the water. I lay there panting. It was just like I'd dug my own grave for myself.

"You remember that guy, Floyd Collins, that was buried in a cave in Kentucky, and how they worked for days trying to get him out? And then took him out—dead? I'd read a lot about it and I couldn't get him out of my mind. I knew how he felt. But I knew they couldn't work for days—or even hours—getting me out. Just the minute that mud got into my exhaust valve I was through.

"The water had hit me so hard that it knocked the hose out of my hand. I reached back, feelin' around for it. I couldn't find it! The mud was closin' in all around me. I clawed an' tried to kick, dreadin' that minute when I'd begin to grow sick from the valve bein' clogged with mud. I swore, and then I found myself sobbin'. Yes, I admit it—sobbin'. That brought me to my senses a little. Then I pushed my hand back into where I could feel the water stream strongest—and got my fingers around the nozzle.

"I USED it to wash *myself* out. I dragged it up where I could aim it at my helmet—to keep my exhaust valve clear and to loosen the mud around my head and shoulders. An' I had to shoot it under me too, as I felt the ship settlin' down on top of me.

"Finally I got it loose enough to work my life line. I gave the old distress signal. I felt the prompt tug. But my line was over my right shoulder—my legs was free; so with that first jerk my shoulders moved up a little in the mud, but my legs, with their heavy shoes, dropped down—and into the mud.

"I tried to think. The harder they pulled on topside, the deeper they'd bury me. I shoved and pawed with my right foot.

At last I got it over the life line—and did I clamp it tight under my knee! The next jerk, I moved a few inches. Keeping my leg over the line lifted me out a little. But that mud kept suckin' at me like quicksand. I'd still be there if they'd shut off the water or the pipe had bust."

But mud is not an obstacle in all waters. The bottom under the Caribbean Sea is firm white sand, like a smooth beach, and the water is clear. I asked the man who mentioned this what it looks like down there.

"Almost exactly the same as it looks on the shore," he answered. "I don't know how far you can see. A long ways. And the sand looks like white fields. Like cotton, maybe, or white flowers. And there are trees and bushes—"

"Trees and bushes!" I interrupted.

"Yep, coral will imitate anything there is on land."

Divers will tell you that it is not accidents and undersea monsters that constitute the real danger in their hazardous life. The menace that is with them every second of the time they are under the surface is the pressure of the water. Their sole protection against it is the air that is pumped down from above. For that air must serve two purposes: They must have it to breathe, and they must have it to act as a cushion between themselves and the water pressure. The air fills not only the helmet. It is forced down into the rubberized canvas suit as well—a little below the hips. If anything goes wrong and a diver's air is shut off, death follows in a very few minutes—two or three at the most.



"Some say a diver doesn't look like anything alive, but like some kind of a machine."

It is said that at a depth of thirty-two feet a diver's body is subjected to pressure from the water that is equal to forty tons. At sixty-four feet it equals eighty tons. At ninety-six, a hundred and twenty tons, and so on, increasing as he goes down. If something should blow out of the pump, if ice should form in the joint between air hose and helmet (as can happen), if the hose should become fouled or be cut by a falling plate, the immense pressure crushes life out immediately. They say it has a two-way action. It "squeezes and boosts." And they tell tragic, gruesome stories of men taken out who had literally been jammed up into their helmets. Practically all that was left of them was in their helmets—and they were buried in them.

Yet they will tell you casually of "cutting the hose." That's when the air gets fouled. They feel the air pressure growing weaker and weaker; the water squeeze tighter and tighter. There's only one thing to do: Cut the hose and trust in God that the tender on topside will haul you up fast enough.

"They say a man's a fool to cut his hose, no matter what fix he's in, if he's gettin' any air at all," one diver told me. "Well, I cut mine once when I could still breathe. Maybe I *was* a damn' fool. But I don't think I'd have the nerve not to, if it happened again. Sometimes it takes more nerve not to cut it than to do it."

I HAVE heard of men facing weird deaths; but the one this chap faced was, I think, the weirdest.

"There was a ship loaded with cotton that had sunk. They'd sent me down to see what we could do, the easiest way, to salvage the cargo. Now the trick with cotton is to find the 'key' bale that holds the others in place. If you can pry that loose, 'most always the other bales will shoot up to the surface like so much cork. Cotton bales swell when they get soaked with water, and nothin' can keep them down if they're loose.

"I had to go down about seventy feet. Then I crawled into the hold. It was pitch black, of course, and I kept banging my helmet on the ceiling of the hold. I was afraid to crawl along the deck, inside there, for fear of fouling my line and hose. I felt along the pile of bales with my hands, counting the bales. Finally I decided on the one that was holding the others. I got my hook in it and braced my feet against the others and gave a heave. Well, the damn' thing shot straight out with that first heave. Then something happened. I don't know exactly what. I guess the water was sucked into that hole where the bale had been, and damned if it didn't take me right with it. And the bale shot up under me. I felt myself lifted up like I'd been shot from an antiaircraft gun.

"Then — bang! I was jammed smack against the ceiling, solid as rock above me. That bale was pushing up from below like it was alive.

Science Throws New Light on Tooth Decay

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque"

Contrast the attitude of savage at the left who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.



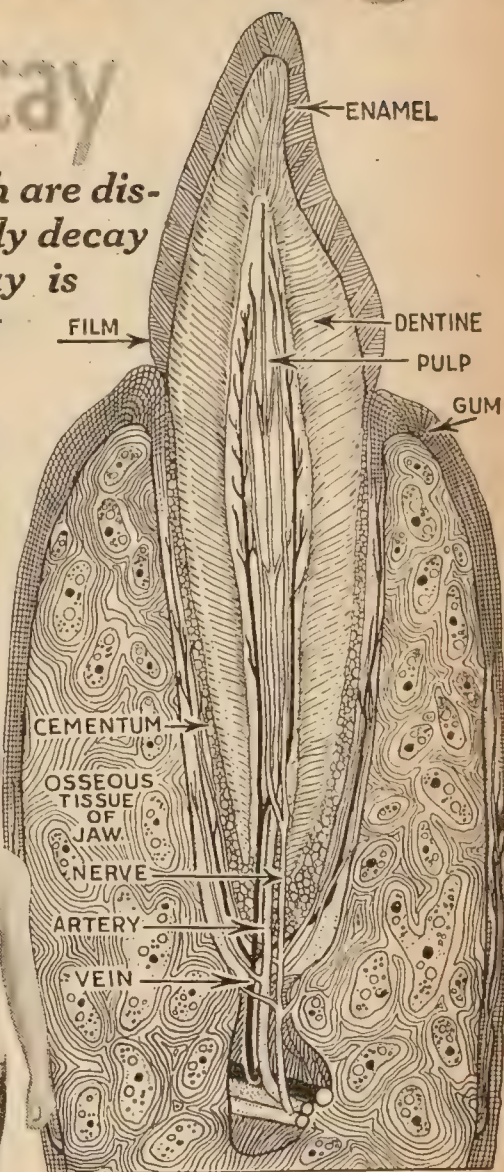
Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve out the material which composes the enamel.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids, have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin-plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others



Cross-section of a tooth showing the intricate structure beneath the enamel.

both in effectiveness and in safety required several years. The ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted repeatedly.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today Pepsodent is known as the special "film-removing" toothpaste in 67 countries.



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At first I couldn't move a muscle. Then I got one arm free. Right away I knew by the feeling in my head something was wrong with my hose. I felt for it. Found it. And I swore to myself. That hose was wrapped tight around my leg. But I was still getting some air. I worked my hand around under my chest. Then the sweat broke out on me. My life line was fouled. I couldn't budge it.

"The exhaust valve on my helmet must have been partly jammed. My head began to go round. I was breathing a good deal of my own breath over and over again. And that's poison gas after a short while, you know. What a hell of a fix! Shutting off my air with my own leg, and I couldn't move. The pressure from the bale and the water was getting stronger. It felt as though my stomach was being squeezed straight up through my lungs and into my mouth.

"I tried to say, 'You've got time to do just one thing. Just one, that's all. What shall it be?' I was seeing streaks of light by this time. I tried to hang on to my consciousness enough to have just one idea. I did. If I cut the hose maybe the weight of my helmet and my shoes would move the bale if I had strength enough to give that ceiling one push. I took my knife. Gathered all my strength. Sawed through the hose. I remember, just as I went out, bracing my feet against the ceiling. I must have given a mighty shove *after I was out*. Anyway, the next thing I knew I was on the deck. They'd been working over me an hour or so to bring me to. And was I sick! My first 'bends'—they'd hauled me up so fast. But the boys said I was foolish to cut my hose."

"What else could you possibly have done?" I asked.

"Well, they'd seen on topside that the lines were fouled, and they were sending another fellow down to get me out. But I didn't know that."

"THEY was a time when I wasn't thinkin' very clear, myself," grinned Big Bill Tilgar, one of the divers who "stand by" in the rickety old wooden building known as Pier One, down at the Battery in New York. Bill Tilgar is a big, smiling, friendly man who began his adventurous life in Sweden.

"This was a passenger ship," he said, filling his pipe, "that ran between Baltimore and Norfolk. She hadn't been under more than four or five hours when I got down to her, an' I was thinkin' they was a good chance I might maybe find some of 'em alive. Sometimes there's air pockets form in the cabins—like if you push an empty glass down in water, there'll be air in the glass. It'll be nearly full of air. Sometimes you find cabins like that in ships that has only been down a few hours.

"The water was pretty clear an' I didn't have any trouble getting up on the deck. They'd given me a key to open the stateroom doors, and I

tried one. But the water had already made it swell. The key wouldn't work. So I swung back and forth, smashing at it with my shoes. Finally the door gave way.

"An' then, sir, I had the damndest jolt I ever got in all my years in this business. A woman came out of that door. Her hair wasn't floating. It was combed neat. She had on an evening gown. Her arms were bare and they were stretched out to me. Her eyes were open. She was lookin' at me as if she'd have said something if she dared open her mouth.

"I grabbed her an' took her in my arms. 'O. K.!' I yelled through my helmet. 'Hang on to me. We'll be up in a second.' An' I was just about to signal 'haul away' when I suddenly realized that woman was dead—had been for hours! An' there I was yellin' to her to cheer up!

"You see, a woman often floats different from a man. Her breasts are light; they may raise her up—an' I'll swear to God this woman, at first, looked as alive as you or me."

"NONE of us like to handle stiff," said Jim Ingraham, an ex-navy submarine man who has had his share of it. "When we got to the fellows on the S-4 we found they'd died from gas. Getting them out was no fun. I don't mind it so much below, but I don't want anything to do with them when we get them up topside. Some divers won't touch 'em at all."

And these dark adventures happen all around us. Yet your true diver will shrug his shoulders when you ask him about them.

"Us guys is just guineas in hip boots," he'll tell you. "We're just bohunks without sense enough to keep out of the wet."

And then there is my friend, Victor Berge. He's a different kind of diver. Twenty-five years or so ago he ran away from home in Sweden, and since then, most of the time, he has followed the career of a master pearl diver seeking fortune at the bottom of lonely seas. Time and again he has found a fortune. But each time he has let it slip through his fingers. Then off he has gone again to the pearl fisheries of the wild coast of north Australia, or the Persian Gulf, or Thursday Island, or the coast of Venezuela; or to the pearl beds of East Africa or the Solomon Islands. His present headquarters is an atoll about a hundred miles from Tahiti. He told me of many of his adventures. But there is one that haunts me.

"We were off the coast of Borneo," he said, "and I was ambling along on the sea bottom, looking for pearl oysters. The water was about twenty fathoms deep. I had just stooped over when I felt something touch me lightly on the left arm. It was nothing but instinct and underwater training that saved my life. As quick as a flash I grabbed my razor-sharp knife from my belt and slashed again and again. I was lucky enough to cut in two a couple of long, slimy arms

that were crawling snakelike around me. And right away I knew I was having a battle with a giant octopus. I felt something grabbing my ankles. Two other arms had hold of my legs and they almost threw me down.

"There isn't any way to tell the horror of that moment. I could see a mass of waving, squirming arms.

"I tried to cut my ankles free, and as I bent over, the creature jerked so violently that I had to straighten up to keep my footing. My head was banged against my helmet and it almost knocked me out. One jerk threw me against a rock and almost pounded the breath out of me. I couldn't get free. The octopus had me. I kept slashing away, but it did no good.

"I was afraid to pull my life line because there was a good chance that my air hose and line might get tangled in the jagged coral that was near me.

"More arms were reaching out to take hold of me. I kept fighting with my knife, slashing and cutting. But I began to feel cold despair. I could scarcely see anything now. The black inky fluid from the octopus was making the water seer, like night. A slight current would carry away the ink for a moment. Then I would catch an indistinct glimpse of the creature. It was coming nearer to me.

"WHEN the water cleared for a moment, I got a close look at that disgusting mass of squirming arms. And I found myself gazing into a pair of diabolical eyes. The octopus has the weirdest, most terrifying eyes of any creature in the world. That decided me. I caught hold of the safety line and gave four jerks, meaning 'Pull till it breaks.' A moment later I had a wild feeling of sailing through space. I don't remember any more. I was unconscious.

"Up above, my partners pulled frantically. They couldn't get me up. Something was holding me down there. They didn't know that devilish creature still had hold of my ankles and had taken a firm grip of the rocks with his other arms.

"Yes, it was a tug of war—the men against the octopus, with me in the middle. And the octopus was stronger than the men. What they finally did was to take advantage of the way the boat was heaving in the swell. One hitch of the rope and the upward heave of the boat as a wave came rolling; and that broke the deadlock.

"They hauled me to the surface, and there they saw those ugly arms wrapped around my legs. Yes, he was still holding on to me. One of the men jumped into the water and with a quick swing of the knife cut loose the grasping arms, and I was hauled aboard—still unconscious."

These tales may sound like tall stories. But I know they are true. For these are the sort of things that happen to the men of the undersea.

Another article in this series on *Gloss Lives* by Mr. Thomas will appear in the next issue.

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MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

254 CASH PRIZES

ARE you in the Movie Mystery Contest? Are you going after your share of the \$2,500 prize money? There is still time to get into the game and to win a big prize if you have not already entered. The first thing to do is to solve this week's puzzle which appears above.

Here's how to do it: Cut the strips apart and then paste them together into portraits of three well known movie players. Then, after you have the three pictures correctly assembled, identify each of them. That will complete this week's installment of the contest. Put your solution away. Don't send it in until you have a complete set of thirty pictures assembled and identified.

Now, if you have not solved the preceding five puzzles, you'll need them in order to bring your entry up to date. Just drop a post card requesting them, and they will be mailed to you without charge. Address MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York City, and state the number of puzzles you require to make your set complete thus far.

If you know your movie personalities, here is a great chance to put your knowledge to the test. You'll get a chance to identify some of the screen celebrities from unusual angles. As a matter of fact, there's at least one such picture in the puzzle above. Do you know who it is?

Don't forget that \$500 cash first prize! Or the \$250 and \$100 which will go to the second and third winners. And there are 251 chances to win one of the other cash prizes. Be sure you enter!

JULY 30 LIMERICK WINNERS

Announcement of the July 30 Limerick winners scheduled for publication this week has been postponed to an early October issue. This has caused no delay in distributing awards, a check for the proper amount being mailed to each winner according to regular schedule.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$500
Second Prize.....	250
Third Prize.....	100
Two Prizes, each \$50.....	100
Four Prizes, each \$25.....	100
Forty-five Prizes, each \$10.....	450
200 Prizes, each \$5.....	1,000
254 Prizes—Total.....	\$2,500

NEXT WEEK'S MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 7 WILL LEAD YOU NEARER THE BIG CASH PRIZE

The author's mother, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, on the lawn at her home, the new Uplands, on Ridge Road, Washington, D. C.

© Bachrach, from Acme



Can a Modern Woman Be a Good Mother?

An Only Daughter Looks at Her Own Illustrious Parent and Expresses a Frank Opinion

By ETHEL BORDEN HARRIMAN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 5 seconds.)

SHE came down the flagged steps at Uplands, that run from the terrace of her house to the garden. Dogs—endless dogs—preceded her; frenzied telephone bells rang in her wake. I saw Her, perhaps for the first time. Snatches of her had flashed in and out of my life, but now suddenly they were one—a brilliant mosaic—my Mother, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman.

Somehow today I saw her differently. She wasn't just my mother, but a great woman, detached from sentiment, bathed in the clear, cool light of her own personality.

As she passed she smiled. I don't think she saw me, really. Her mind is always on a thousand things. She had just been talking to a senator about a new bill to come up tomorrow; ahead of her was a cherry tree in the throes of transplanting.

And then, suddenly, I saw her—not here in Washington at all, but back in Mount Kisco, dressed in a lovely summer muslin, talking to O'Brien about another fledgling cherry tree, which now, alas, must be full-grown.

That was the original Uplands. She loved it. I wasn't born there, but it is my very first memory. I seem still to hear the sound of crunching gravel under the nursery window. It was Mother coming back, sometimes on horseback; sometimes in a motor car; or returning from the station in a phaëton, driving a beautiful high-stepping horse, back from New York, where she had been concocting, planning, or campaigning. She never seemed to go to town to see a play or have her nails done or even to get clothes, as other people's mothers did!

It was exciting to see her. But I always had a feeling

of apprehension that these things of importance might snatch her away from me at any moment. I needn't have worried, for I have since learned that if you need her really, nothing else counts; she turns every energy blindly in your behalf.

Her first enthusiasms I can only vaguely remember. I came first. Then the house, the gardens, the horses, books, porcelains, old glass and furniture. She found it fascinating to pursue these things, not merely for their beauty but for the new world of art and artists they opened up for her.

When she founded and became the first president of the Colony Club in New York, I was quite a small child, but it was of the greatest importance to me. Her speech at the opening—the first public speech she ever made—I knew practically by heart. She still has a letter laboriously written in a trembling childish hand:

Mummy darling, I hope the Colony Club will be a great success tonight. I know you will be beautiful. I hope you will be wonderful. Anyway you will be the best President they have or ever will have. Good night. I love you. ETHEL.

In the wake of the Colony Club came endless other ventures, bigger and more important. Once a thing is established, Mother moves on. She is definitely a pioneer.

In 1912 for the first time politics crept in as a force in her life and interests. She went to the Republican and then to the Democratic Convention, more as a lark than anything else, and came away a stanch supporter of Woodrow Wilson. Soon she was a full-fledged politician, for better or worse. She became a figure in the Demo-

cratic Party. She campaigned madly.

Her devotion and loyalty to Wilson never flagged through all of his vicissitudes. During the war, as head of a large division of the American Red Cross, she went back and forth between France and America many times. At the end of it all, she had barely sat down to her first lunch at home when she was notified that President Wilson had appointed her to an advisory committee in connection with the Peace Conference. And, with typical enthusiasm, in twelve hours she sailed.

She has the strange quality of working and fighting for others better than she does for herself. It isn't that she is essentially selfless—I don't think any personage ever can

be, quite—but her energies are directed in such a way as to give that impression.

As a child I naturally didn't question. And as I look back, she was a perfect mother. But I was an only child, and, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, I suppose I *was* given my own way more than was good for me. Mother had a horror of spoiled children, having been brought up herself by a strict though delightful English father who had three daughters and, having wanted sons, brought them up according to British army regulations.

As I grew up through those difficult years between fourteen and eighteen, I began to question. Campaigns, politics, and all public works in general

became hateful to me. I thought, of course, that I was being "misunderstood"—what child doesn't at some time or other?

My father died. We minded terribly. His death brought Mother and me into a more intimate relationship, I think, than anything really ever had before. We went out West. It was the first time I had ever traveled alone with her. There was a great mining strike. Mother was on the United States government board sent out to investigate conditions. I was frightfully interested—but in the *people*, the individual cases; while Mother's interest was centered around the thing as a whole.

Long afterward I understood why Mother and I never really saw eye to eye. It started then. She sees things in *big*; whole groups of people must organize to do this or that. I see only individuals. Her way, I am sure, is the better, and so effective by comparison. But it is a fundamental difference. It affected me personally in a great many instances. I wanted to go on the stage. She was divine about it. She agreed; she even arranged, through a friend of hers, a great star, to have me given lessons. And then all apparent interest ended.

NO one would have been as proud as Mother, had I gone through with it. But I was very young; I was taunted by every temptation to amuse myself. And, unfortunately, at that time I didn't need money. So—I just slipped out. Life was too easy for me; I needed Her to drive me on.

She is very modern. Her figure is young; she has the suppleness of a girl and the tirelessness of an athlete. Her clothes are lovely in themselves, but she gives them something that is not to be bought on the Rue de la Paix. She attracts people and gathers them about her with no apparent effort. Her Sunday evening suppers at her house in Washington have become famous.

All this is what she is to the world—modern, vibrant, impersonal. But Mother is an Edwardian. She has, beneath a worldly patina, an almost pressed-flower sentimentalism.

I am happy that I can appreciate her as the really great person she is and not just as a mother. She does her work, and I in my small way am trying very hard to make up for lost time and do mine. We have faced the fact that we go about it in different ways.

There is, of course, so much in Mother that I can only hope some day to have, so much of strength and courage. But I can always feel her support like a great rock behind me. Weeks go by and we don't see each other. My work keeps me in New York, and she now lives in Washington.

I think of her walking down the terrace steps of this other new Uplands, going toward and followed by great things—because all that she touches becomes for some indefinable reason, for the moment, great.

THE END

What Fun to Win your daily BEAUTY CONTEST when men praise your Lovely Skin!

The girl whose skin is soft and flower-like attracts new friends wherever she goes. For her... as for you... life is a daily Beauty Contest. To win, keep your skin fresh and charming. Let Camay help! Get a dozen cakes today.



How can you have a soft, clean skin? Just keep it lovely this simple way. Make a rich lather with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold.



Each new man means a new Beauty Contest for you. He instantly is attracted to you if your skin is fresh-looking and clear. Use only Camay on your precious skin! Then triumphs will come easy to you!

The price of Camay is down. Never in your lifetime has such an exquisite soap, so beautifully wrapped, sold at so low a price!

CAMAY

The Soap
of
BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN

A FEW PALMS

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

"IF I had but one miserable hundred dollars more," said Marco Oliano, "a paltry hundred dollars, I could buy some palms and make of this a real Italian garden. As it is—" He threw out his hands in an expressive gesture.

"As it is," his wife, Marietta, continued, "you have nothing but a fountain, and it look mos' funny in this big room all by itself." She began to giggle delightedly. "I said right away, when you talk of this new restaurant, that it take mucha, mucha money to make an Italian garden. Better you buy a nice ice box. But no, you mus' have your Italian garden, and so you have only this fountain which even won't run because the inspector man say he can't be work'." She began to giggle again.

Her husband ignored her laughter. "A smart girl like you ought to be able to think of some way to get a hundred dollars."

"Me get a hundred dollars. Don't be funny, Marco. Except when you send me the money to come to this country three year ago, I never see that much money in my whole life."

She picked up her hand bag, took out the mirror, inspected her pretty little olive face with satisfaction, gave it a dab or two of powder, and went toward the door. There she paused and looked back.

"Unless I called in at the church and asked St. Theresa to send you a few plant."

Her husband grinned. He had no faith in the intervention of saints in American business. "You might ask her to get the inspector to lay off fussing over the fountain."

Hardly had Marietta closed the door behind her when the inspector arrived again.

Marco smiled upon him. "Now, inspector, you're going to find the fountain perfect this time."

The inspector looked at him lugubriously. "I hope so."

They approached it together. They turned the water on. They turned it off. This and that had been done to it a matter of three times at the inspector's insistence. There could be nothing more for him to demand.

But no, the inspector was fussing about a tap in the drainpipe. This wouldn't do at all.

Why hadn't he said so before? Marco snapped.

"But I did say so," the inspector insisted.

Marco reached into his pocket and brought out an envelope on which he had written down all the things the inspector had wanted changed. "It isn't here."

"Then you forgot to write it down. This must be fixed," the inspector said, and waited. He waited as if there was something more Marco ought to say, but Marco said nothing.

Marco's assistant, Tony, who was cleaning up after the men who had painted the little green tables, was attacked by a violent fit of coughing, but Marco paid no attention to him.

Slowly the inspector went toward the door, almost as if he were waiting for Marco to remember something.

When he had finally closed it behind him Tony rushed over to Marco. "You big fool! Don't you know there's nothing the matter with the fountain?"

"But the inspector said—"

Tony reached into his pocket with his right hand, took out a bill, put it into his left palm, and carefully, one by one, closed his fingers over it. "That," said he, "is the only thing that is the matter with the fountain."

Marco stared. "How much?"

"I'd offer him twenty-five."

A Short Short Story

By

GINTY BEYNON



spector once, and did it cost him a pretty penny! I'm telling you."

Marco remembered how the inspector had found fault with a different thing on each visit. Tony was undoubtedly right. So he would have to squeeze out the twenty-five dollars somehow. Now there would certainly be no palms for the garden.

When he went home that evening he said to Marietta,

"Did you go by the church?"

Marietta nodded.

"Then your saint was inattentive, because we are going to have no palms."

Marietta laughed. "Did you expect her to open a hole in the roof and drop one down upon your head? You mus' be reasonable with the saint, Marco, like you are with your Marietta."

Her husband refused to be coaxed out of his depression. "I did not expect a shower of palms, but the moment you had gone the inspector came again and found some new trouble with the fountain, and Tony tells me that he will find more and more trouble until I give him twenty-five dollars, which means that we will assuredly have no palms. I wish I had bought that ice box."

Marietta nodded. "Mucha better that way," she said complacently.

Marco was not cheered by her ready agreement, and it was in a very sour mood that he grudgingly offered the inspector a check for twenty-five dollars when he called the next day.

The inspector shook his head. "No, I can't take checks. It must be cash."

Marco thought a moment. "I do not carry so much money around with me, but if you will come to my apartment tomorrow morning at ten I will have it for you."

THE next morning Marco ushered the inspector into his pleasant living room and took from his pocket the twenty-five dollars in bills. As he held them out he said, "And now, inspector, it's clearly understood that, having given you this money, I'll have no further trouble about the passing of anything in my restaurant?"

"You have my word for that," agreed the inspector.

Whereupon Marco calmly returned the bills to his pocket, and removed a cover from the dictaphone on the table beside them.

The inspector went white. With all these investigations going on he could not afford to have this reported to the City Hall.

"Is your job worth—say—a hundred dollars to you?" Marco asked.

The inspector gurgled assent.

"Then bring me a hundred dollars in bills here tomorrow morning at ten. Otherwise—" He left the threat hanging.

"You've got me," the inspector admitted, and went out.

"Marietta," Marco said, handing her a five-dollar bill, "you go right away and make more prayers to your saint and give her a little donation. We have already the palms. Maybe she will send us the ice box as well."

THE END

Liberty offers \$100 to \$500 for Short Short Stories of not over 2,000 words. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelope.

LUCAS took his ship roaring down, and slid neatly into Quidi Vidi Lake. As it came to shore Walter Ennis hastened forward.

By
**REX
BEACH**

Pictures by
CLAYTON KNIGHT



(Reading time: 27 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is the story of incredible Casey Haddon—airman. Georges Larue employed Casey to pilot his great Fokker plane, the Blue Bird. In a fog over Newfoundland the Fokker developed incurable engine trouble. Larue, the co-pilot, the Devereaux brothers—navigator and radio man—were off in parachute drops, when Haddon saw a stowaway: Cadence Drew, Larue's fiancée! And one chute served to carry both to the wilds below. In the Newfoundland wilderness they learned to love each other. Arrived in civilization once more, Cadence clung to Casey as if in a last caress.

PART SEVEN—CONUNDRUM IN CROOKEDNESS

INDEED some idea of a definite ending had taken hold of Cadence, for when they returned to her lodging place she paused on the step and said with a sigh:

"Oh, dear! It's all over, isn't it?"

"On the contrary, it's just beginning—" Casey answered.

"I mean the first thrill of discovery, the first fine frenzy. It was an adventure in Wonderland for me: the big woods, the big silence, the big—uncertainty. Fright, pain, hunger, thirst, love, joy, delirium, *you!* Good heavens, what I've been through! I don't know whether I'm on my head or my feet."

"Throw the stick in neutral, sit still, and you'll come out of your spin."

He bent and kissed her again, whereupon she bade him

BEYOND

good night in the words of that fanciful ritual she had adopted:

"Good night, dearest, most precious man in Duval's, Porto Rico, North Philadelphia, and the world."

She gave him a tender smile and the door closed behind her.

There was word from Larue at last. The operator had left a message for Cadence and he was waiting to hand Haddon another. With a frown the pilot read:

STUNNED TO LEARN CADENCE ON SHIP STOP CAN'T BELIEVE NOT DREAMING STOP YOUR HEROISM SPLENDID STOP NO OTHER MAN COULD OR WOULD HAVE DONE WHAT YOU DID STOP CAN NEVER REPAY BUT MY LIFE YOURS TO COMMAND STOP STILL AFRAID SOMETHING MAY HAPPEN HER BUT TOO AGITATED TO THINK OR PLAN STOP IMPLORE YOU SEE TO HER SAFETY STOP WILL ADVISE LATER STOP MY CONGRATULATIONS MY EMBRACES MY ETERNAL AND UNSELFISH DEVOTION

GEORGES

The cablegram evoked mixed feelings in the reader. Its tone was decidedly at variance with the sender's behavior, and its apparent sincerity brought Haddon an acute discomfort. Was the man indeed sincere? Or was



*Aërial Ambassador
from Wally—Casey
Tries to Think
Things Through—
The Shock of
Suspicion—A Girl
with That Fever
Called Love*

"Thanks a lot. We were wondering how we could get away."

Lucas squinted at the sky and the hills rising so steeply from the inlet. "This isn't the best place I ever saw to get out of—there's usually a bad downdraft—but I can make it unless the wind shifts. You'll be a bit crowded in that front seat, but I'll have you in St. John's in two hours. You may have to hold Miss Drew on your lap or"—hope flickered in the speaker's face—"she can sit on mine while you handle the ship."

"OR she could take the stick and you could hold me—"

Lucas uttered a sound. "Wouldn't that be a break! After the weary hours I've put in looking for you two—I mean one! I understand she's something to hold. Honestly, did she stow away?"

Casey nodded.

"Hot dog! No wonder Ennis is wild to get her story."

"Ennis?"

"Sure! News Sentinel! You know him. He sent me; got me off at daylight for fear somebody would beat him out."

As the men walked up toward the village Lucas went on to ask, "Where the deuce did you wash out that Fokker? It seems to me I've covered every foot of country back yonder, but I couldn't find a trace of it."

Casey told him the approximate location, but the young man shook his head. "Funny how easy it is to miss a wreck."

Cadence was up and dressed. She met the two pilots at the Donovan door.

When Lucas made the purpose of his trip known she hesitated. To Casey she said, "Georges expects you to see me safely back to New York as quickly as possible. He says something about sending a ship—"

"I say, now!" Lucas broke in. "First come, first served."

"There isn't another amphib this side of Boston, and you couldn't possibly put a landplane down here. Let 'em pick you up at St. John's. I'll fly you over there in no time. Dandy hotel. Fine food. Splendid shops."

"That settles it," Cadence declared. "Let's go."

A half hour later, having dispatched word of their intentions to Georges and said good-by to their hosts of the night before, the two castaways squeezed themselves into the observer's seat of Lucas' machine and he took

CONTROL

this merely another attempt at deceit? Casey confessed himself bewildered.

He was awakened early the next morning by a sound that fetched him out of his bed and to a window. It was the drone of an airplane. As the ship drew nearer and finally scudded low over the village, that sound grew into a roar which reverberated loudly from the naked hills. It was a racy-looking seaplane and plainly the pilot intended to land, for he banked, circled over the bay, and cut his motor.

Georges Larue, it seemed, had lost no time.

The plane was at rest, its floats were grounded on the pebbly beach when Haddon arrived at the shore. The pilot, an alert young man, greeted him by saying:

"You're Haddon, of course. I'm Lucas, from St. John's. I've been hunting you for the better part of a week."

"Thanks! I'll do as much for you some day."

"Let's hope not." Lucas showed an even row of teeth in a nice smile; he and Casey shook hands. "Delighted to learn you're safe. I've come to pick you up—you and Miss Drew. Mine is the only ship with pontoons on the island and there isn't a place on this whole south shore where it's safe to land on rubber, so—here I am."

it off. Soon they were looking down upon the trackless country through which they had made their way at such cost of time and labor. From the air it appeared friendly enough: those wooded valleys through which they had so wearily toiled resembled natural parks, the barrens were transformed into smooth green carpets; the granite hills, scoured clean of soil and vegetation, shrank deceitfully to the size of hummocks.

The higher the plane rose, the farther it flew, however, the more appalling became the country as a whole, and particularly its shore line. The coast itself was incredibly bold and rocky, narrow bays bit deeply into it, peninsulas were

little thought to that unfortunate enterprise, his mind being too agreeably occupied with something vastly more important; those events antedating his take-off from Roosevelt Field had been half forgotten, but this morning they took form, and he considered them once again.

Cadence, too, was thoughtful, preoccupied, tense, and intuition told her companion that Georges Larue's wire was responsible for the change in her. Of one thing the pilot was sure: he had been duped; the flight which he had taken so seriously had been a hoax from start to finish, and he felt this more keenly than anything, for he had been sincere, he had given the best in him, and Georges had hurt him where he was most sensitive.

Plainly Cadence, too, suspected something of the sort, and he wished now that he had read more of those notes he had found scattered through the wreck of the Blue Bird. They might have held the key to this bewildering affair. St. Pierre had cropped up once more. Casey entertained no further doubt that he had fallen in with an



outthrust. As they knew, fogs shrouded it in summer and it was a meeting place for winter gales—a dreadful coast indeed for shipmasters to navigate, and almost equally perilous for pilots of the air. No wonder Lucas flew with pontoons under him and now maintained an elevation which allowed ample gliding radius.

His ship was surprisingly fast and before leaving Duval's he had told his passengers something about it. It had been built as an auxiliary to the St. John's sealing fleet, and during the spring of the year he flew it far out over the sea ice to spot the seals where they congregated on the drifting pans. Young Lucas held down what was perhaps the most hazardous job of commercial flying in the world, and his plane was fitted with all sorts of first-aid and emergency equipment such as medicines, water, food, rope, block and tackle, and other sundries necessary in case of accident. Those pontoons which replaced its winter skis had enabled him to take the air as soon as he heard of the Blue Bird's bad luck, and they would now permit him to land the castaways in Quidi Vidi Lake, right at the back door of St. John's.

At its present flying speed that would not take long. The final chapter of the ill-fated Larue-Haddon transatlantic flight, it appeared, was swiftly drawing to a close. During the past several days Casey had given

SOON they were looking down upon the trackless country through which they had made their way at such cost of time and labor.

enormously clever and resourceful gang of smugglers. That race-horse business, for instance, that car chartered in Quebec, was but one of many devices they had invented to bring contraband across the line. The Blue Bird had been intended as another. It

had been built for a pirate ship.

Well, what were they smuggling?

Invariably the pilot did his best thinking while in the air; it was then that his mind functioned fastest. This morning the swift explosions of the seaplane's motor, the rushing wind, stimulated him; but, alas, the more he pondered the further his imagination led him along paths he shrank from following.

He had heard rumors of a rich and powerful ring which made staggering profits out of liquor, and while in St. Pierre with Cadence he had learned enough to convince him that there was not one, but many such; nevertheless he could not believe that rumrunning was Georges Larue's racket. How absurd to use an airplane to move freight, and certainly the liquor traffic of today is a wholesale freight business. Furthermore, it is so efficiently organized and so well "greased" that it can hardly be considered surreptitious.

No, his erstwhile companions were engaged in something much more profitable and presumably far more sinister than that. Narcotics perhaps. Or precious stones. What else would pay to ship by air?

Drugs, eh? Haddon felt himself bristle at the thought. A savage indignation seized him. Opium, cocaine,

heroin! What a hellish trade! Larue, the rat, had dared to involve him in such a devilish undertaking! He had somehow involved Cadence, too, for it was unlikely that she had gone to St. Pierre by chance or on some blind mission.

Casey thanked God that the Blue Bird had destroyed herself; that put an end to things for a while, and would afford him time to extricate her from the mess. Perhaps, after all, it was nothing more than diamonds, rubies, gems. Jewels would be more likely to intrigue a woman of her sort, but that was bad enough. Out of the corner of his eye he watched her. How much did she know? How much did she suspect?

Clouds were rolling in from the region of the Grand Banks, but Waterford Valley was free of fog, and young Lucas took his ship roaring down it, swept over the city of St. John's, and slid neatly into pretty Quidi Vidi Lake.

As it came to shore Walter Ennis hastened forward, was introduced to Cadence, then congratulated both her and Haddon upon the fortunate outcome of their adventure. Nobody knew of their arrival, his car was waiting, and he had engaged rooms for them at the hotel. They would be spared all possible annoyance.

ON the short drive to town he got the story of the catastrophe and what had followed it in sufficient detail to do a column for the News Sentinel and to file a full account for the Associated Press, then, having seen the pair comfortably installed in their rooms, he hurried away, promising to return later. He had executed a neat coup. He was well pleased with himself.

The hotel was handsome, well appointed, of a size and dignity to do credit to a larger city than St. John's. To Cadence and her companion it appeared palatial.

"Imagine taking a suite de luxe without so much as a toothbrush for the bell boy to carry," she said. "I must do some quick shopping."

"May I go along?"

She scanned him quizzically and shook her head. "You're as disreputable as I am. For the past few days you have filled my dreamy eye with satisfaction; you were a thing of beauty, a poem in flesh and blood, but—honestly, dear, you're ragged. You look like an Armenian. Run along and buy yourself a new outfit. No man can play the hero with his toes peering out."

Haddon had succeeded in making himself presentable in fresh clothing when Wally Ennis barged into his room.

"Well, the Blue Bird epic is on the wire," he announced. "Thanks to you, I put over a nice beat, and in return I boosted you as the greatest pilot in the business. Boy, how I played up that parachute jump! Whaddaya say to a libation in honor of each other and in celebration of



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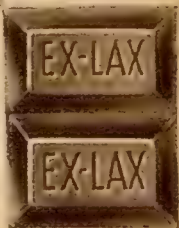
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this auspicious occasion?" He stripped the wrappings from a bottle he had brought with him.

"I'll carry mine in your name," Casey told him.

The reporter was astonished. "On the wagon? *You*? It can't be done. This is fine old French brandy right out of the wood! You can taste the bung!"

"Sorry! But I've reformed."

"Man dear! All that recommends some people are their vices. A gentleman's finest qualities assert themselves when he's drunk. Mind if I ring for some soda?"

Casey did not mind; he performed that service for his caller.

"Tough break you got on this endurance attempt," the latter said sympathetically. "It would have been a big thing for you to set a new record. And you were the boy to do it. You sure had the Winnipeg crew worried."

"It didn't worry them that we were down. Why didn't they give a look for us?"

"The ship was out of commission when you cracked up. They had a broken fly rod, or couldn't find their landing net, or something. By the time they got going Larue and the Devereaux boys were safe at La Poile. I don't think the big flight will ever come off now. The owner is beginning to weaken. Says he may sell his ship. By the way, what took your boss over to St. Pierre?"

"That's a question I've asked myself."

"Kind of rough, leaving you on the hook. How did he know you weren't hurt?"

Haddon shrugged. He said that the Devereaux boys came from St. Pierre. Perhaps they had induced Larue—

"He and Miss Drew are engaged, aren't they?"

"They *were* engaged—"

"Who is he?"

"The newspapers call him a society man. He's rich, amuses himself, has lots of friends. He's a nice fellow."

"Like him?"

"Of course! He has been fine to me."

After a pause Ennis repeated his previous thought. "I can't get over his beating it to St. Pierre and leaving you out in the bush. There's an air code as rigid as the code of the sea. You stuck to your ship, while he—"

"Now, don't get it into your head that Georges Larue is yellow," Casey said. "He has guts."

"Miss Drew is rich, too, isn't she?" Ennis inquired.

"Not 'is'; was. The family used to have money; I don't think there's much left."

"She flies her own ship."

"Larue gave it to her."

Ennis was about to ask another question when a bell boy entered the room with the ice and soda he was waiting for.

With something of a flourish he poured himself a drink and Casey watched him intently. To the pilot the gurgle of that amber liquid was a sweeter sound than the silver notes of temple bells. Irritably he said: "Batten down that hatch, Wally. I've only just been plucked from the burning. I'm saved, but I'm not yet in a perfect state of grace."

ENNIS recorked the bottle, he drank thirstily, and groaned in deep appreciation. "Um-m! Very soothing to the parts. Claret for boys, port for men, but brandy for heroes, as old Dr. Johnson said. Salvation will keep, Casey; it's never too late to be saved. Let's be jocund with the fruitful grape—. . . All right! All right! I merely thought your halo was slipping and I could hold it for you. Tell me more about this flaming beauty. How come she stowed away?"

Casey recounted the bare facts, and his listener nodded.

"That's like a spoiled darling of the speakeasies. I've read about those gals; nothing stops 'em. . . . And nobody suspected she was aboard until all hands except you had bailed out! Lord! What a story! She certainly must love her boy friend."

In a tone that discouraged further flippancy on Ennis' part Casey said, "She is a very charming girl and a thoroughbred."

"Sure! She's all of that and more. . . . I've got another great story coming up."

"Yes?"

"Biggest story that ever came out of Newfoundland. You may be able to help me with it."

"How?"

"Oh, by sketching in the blank spaces or telling me where I'm wrong. It's still largely hypothetical; I suspect more than I know, and I'm groping, but I've seen enough and heard enough to convince me that there's dirty work afoot in aviation circles—I should say dirty work awing—and that it centers around the New York flying fields. Ever notice anything queer there?"

"I've noticed plenty of queer things. In fact, I've taught some of 'em to fly."

"Ever been approached to—to turn a quick trick?"

"Unfortunately, no. What kind of a trick? You said this was the biggest story that ever came out of Newfoundland, then you fly nonstop to New York."

"I PRESUME you know there's a lot of contraband going into the U. S. A.?"

"By air? I've heard rumors."

"Canada, Mexico, the West Indies, the Bahamas, St. Pierre, Newfoundland are all near neighbors of yours and the skies are open. You can't build a tariff wall too high to fly over."

Haddon shrugged and said carelessly, "What of it? It wouldn't pay to run hooch by air, and nobody but a dirty criminal of the lowest type would smuggle dope. I'll bet there isn't a licensed pilot in the country who would fly the stuff."

"There are other things besides liquor and narcotics. There's big money in diamonds and jewelry and lace and—"

"Lace?"

"Certainly. You have a duty of ninety per cent on lace. Did you ever see any of the real fine stuff? It's expensive. It's worth a lot more than its weight in gold. You could carry a fortune in lace in a suitcase. . . . There are certain objects of art that would pay to bring in. And, take it from me, the stuff is going in. When I heard you were flying private for an importing firm I said, 'Casey has been had.'"

Haddon's lips had gone dry, he felt the blood receding from his face, but he managed to assume a look of utter incredulity. "Do you mean to say that you suspect Georges Larue of being a *smuggler*? Why, I—I'll bet you've got Miss Drew pegged as his accomplice! Oh, my Lord!" He laughed loudly, heartily. "Wally, what's that you're drinking? Ether?"

The newspaper man frowned. "Am I so dam' funny?"

"You're funnier than Mickey Mouse."

"Then Larue is O.K., is he? And Miss Drew also?"

"Absolutely. He rates with the biggest people in New York, both socially and financially. Look him up in Dun's. And Cadence is in the Social Register. She heads the whole blue-blooded parade. She's— Oh, but, Wally, it's too ridiculous. Her Pekingese doesn't speak to more than half a dozen dogs on Park Avenue."

"Then I guess it must be a couple of other fellows," Ennis said. "Oh, well, you can't arrest me for suspecting! I'm just a country newspaper boy and maybe I read too much. But, Casey, you and I have been drunk together; I like and I admire you, and—that smuggling thing is on the level. Watch out you don't get dragged into it. Not so good for a guy with all your war medals."

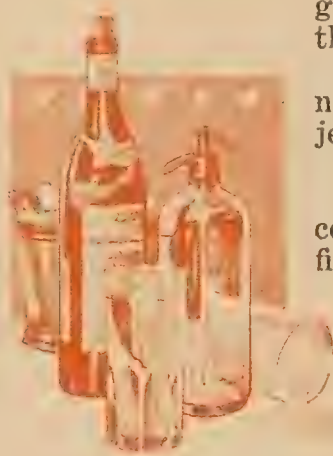
"Thanks, Wally."

The speaker rose. "Well, I'm due to talk with the Diving Venus. She told me to come around. What a gal! What a traffic stopper! If I'd been out in the woods with her as you were I'd have walked the other way."

"You're forgetting something." Haddon indicated the brandy bottle.

"Let it age. I'll be back."

The door opened and closed—Ennis was gone. Casey clutched at the knob, for the room was slowly revolving around him. He felt old and sick. He cast a longing glance at the bottle, for at this moment he needed nothing



so much as a swallow of brandy, but he dared not trust himself to touch it.

For once Casey Haddon was in something like a panic. He was tempted to telephone Cadence and warn her to be on guard, but her suite was near by and Ennis would be at her door before he could do so. In an effort to quiet his apprehensions he argued that the man's suspicions were vague, unformed, and that he had mentioned lace merely as one of several commodities which could be smuggled at a profit. Ennis had said nothing to prove that he actually suspected Larue of unlawfully importing it. No, he was groping; and assuming that he did discover Cadence and her grandmother to be in the lace business—what would that prove? Nothing. They might own Tiffany's, too, and not be diamond smugglers. No man in his right senses could believe that a girl of her caliber would lend herself to an illicit enterprise.

Haddon himself, in spite of the evidence, refused to believe anything of the sort. Of course it was conceivable that her relations with Georges had somehow involved her, but even that was unlikely, and happily those relations were at an end. The wreck of the Blue Bird had settled that. Now, the first thing to do was get her away from here. He went downstairs to inquire about train and ship schedules.

His arrival had become known and again he was interviewed. There were more telegrams, forwarded from Duval's, some of which called for answer, and he likewise found himself an object of interest to a number of American tourists, who, of course, had read of the wreck and insisted upon hearing about it.

IT was considerably later when he returned to his room, and even then he could not be alone. Lucas knocked at his door and with him were the two pilots of the City of Winnipeg who had come to congratulate their rival upon his escape and to discuss the crack-up. He thanked them for their share in the search, and immediately he found himself involved in a technical discussion of the causes leading up to the accident and their bearing upon the proposed flight of the Blue Bird's sister ship.

He soon discovered that the two Canadian flyers were pretty much at sea over their plans, and, as a matter of fact, had driven in from Harbor Grace to discuss them with their backer. While they relieved their minds Haddon allowed his to wander. Surely Cadence did not dream what Larue was doing. Of course she was always in quest of thrills; a spirit of adventure might have led her into the thing. Some of the "best" people, members of her set, considered it no crime to evade custom duties; they were forever smuggling jewels or clothing or what not. With them it was an amusement, almost as much a part of their European travels as shuffleboard or deck tennis. Those who were detected paid their fines

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and laughed it off. Actually they were as guilty as—

"You either get off lucky or one bad break follows another," the Winnipeg's pilot was saying. "We've certainly had more than our share, and now the season is getting late."

"Yes, and the boss is about ready to call it a day," his copilot asserted. "After what happened to the Blue Bird he'd sell out cheap."

If only Cadence had not confessed that Holcombe Drew, Inc., was in difficulties, Casey reflected. That looked bad. No wonder the girl was perplexed, preoccupied, apprehensive.

Angrily he snapped this line of thought and plunged into conversation with his callers.

II

"CASEY!" It was Cadence's voice on the phone late that afternoon. "A certain party is lonesome."

"I know a fellow in the same fix," he told her.

"Let's get out and go somewhere."

"We've practically started. Where to, Charley?"

"Heavens! How do I know? I have a cute Eugénie hat—"

"Can you get it on in thirty seconds?"

"It's on."

He was prompt, and his surprise at the change in her appearance was a tribute to the shops of this Newfoundland city. "Why, Charley! You look like Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street," he told her. "Pardon my formality, but you're almost a stranger to me in anything except flying togs."

Cadence nodded. "I've had a shampoo and a facial and a manicure and I'm all new inside and out. Queer how such things bring a change of thought."

Her change, if indeed it was real, did not prompt her to resist when he hungrily drew her close to him. After a moment she said, "I've had a hard day. Let's go for a drive."

Shortly they were in a hired car and on their way out of the city. The front glass was up and they could talk freely.

"Your friend Ennis is a quaint person," Cadence said. "He insisted upon driving me up Signal Hill and out to Bowring Park to show me the bathers. His car is short of breath, but he isn't. He certainly runs to words."

"He had a talk with me—about smuggling."

"Yes. Interesting if true, but I fancy he's a bit hipped on the subject. Where are we going?"

"To Torbay. The capelin are running and it's quite a sight."

It was a pleasant evening. The sky was clear, the sea was calm, the drive was one to be remembered. The road clung as close to the shore as possible. On one side of it were green fields and snug farmhouses that might have been lifted bodily from far-off Brittany, while on the other were high granite hills which fell away sheer to the water. France and Norway met on the Torbay road.

In sheltered places dories were discharging their catch, great tubs of tumbling fish were being hoisted up the cliffs by crude cableways, or hauled across stony beaches by horses hitched to boxes on stout sled runners; from the flakes came the ever present odor of drying cod, an age-old odor, long since identified with the island.

In one bay the capelin were swarming along the shore so closely and in such millions that men, women, and children scooped them out with dip nets and buckets and empty boxes.

The lingering sunset had faded when the car turned back toward St. John's.

"Don't you think you'd better be getting home to Pretty Pet as soon as possible?" Casey inquired.

"Georges cabled me to wait."

"Is he coming here?"

"Tomorrow." There was silence for a moment.

"Shall I tell him, or will you?"

"Neither. Not now, at least."

"That won't do. I can't go on making love to another man's fiancée."

As if to test the sincerity of this assertion Cadence leaned toward him and raised her face. There was no resisting such a temptation.

"That proves nothing," he said when he released her, "except that I have a blood pressure. I've never been called anæmic. At the same time, Charley, I'm no lounge walrus; one of us must break the bad news—"

"There's ample time—"

Casey shook his head.

"Let's be square with him and with each other. Either you love me or you don't."

The girl gazed at him with smiling eyes.

She asked in a voice that called for no answer:

"Do I really love you? Is it love, or is it merely—contact? Magnetism? Infatuation?"

"If I thought for a minute you weren't sure—"

"Look at it sensibly. Is there any earthly reason why I should go wild about you?"

"I can't think of a single one."

"Of course not. You're a ne'er-do-well, you're a magnificent drinker, you're a picturesque vagabond, and an all-around bad match for any girl. Furthermore, we detested each other heartily at first, and first impressions are often best."

"Nevertheless you *do* love me."

The girl nodded her bright head vigorously. "I adore you. That's the appalling part of it. I've been spinning, tumbling head over heels ever since you put your arms around me and kissed me. Up to that time we were just a couple of fellows, as you said."

"Why, that first night—after the wreck, I mean—you were nothing to me. Then that afternoon, when I gave out on the trail, something snapped."

"I guess a wing broke, for all of a sudden I went completely out of control. There's no use to jump, for I haven't a chute. I'm just hanging on, waiting for the bump."

"It couldn't be a counterfeit or it wouldn't come like that," he asserted. "Love is infatuation, magnetism, physical appeal, and a whole lot more, all rolled up in the same package. Don't be afraid of it."

"It's not nice for a girl to go entirely out of control. It's rather terrifying and it makes her stop and

think. I know now why so many crack up in training."

"I dare say a lot of them never understand what it is to be genuinely stirred; they go through life placidly thinking they're in love—"

"Lucky for them!"

"No." He shook his head positively. "Not for a girl like you."

"You've been pretty fine about it, Casey. You've kept your head when all the time I knew you were as drunk as I was. Oh, dear! I wish I could—think. But I can't when you're around."

"I DARE say I *am* the very last man you should care about, but I'm only a frozen asset. I'm not the Casey Haddon who was. I'm bursting with big things, and when my admirers erect a monument in my honor, as they probably will, it will read, 'Born Newfoundland, 1931.'"

Silently the girl pressed his hand.

"I've divorced all forms of evil," he went on, "ambition is fermenting inside of me, and I'm so good I may run a boys' camp."

"Anyhow, parents will hold me up in years to come as a splendid example and refer to me as a sober, industrious, God-fearing citizen. I'll be solemn, and rich—"

"Gee! I'll hate you."

"They'll give you credit for the miracle. They'll know I was a comrade of Satan until you married me and made me president of the biggest air line in—"

Cadence finished the sentence for him:

"—in Guatemala, Wisconsin, Colorado Springs, and the world!"

Casey laughed softly and clasped the speaker in a crushing embrace; huskily he said:

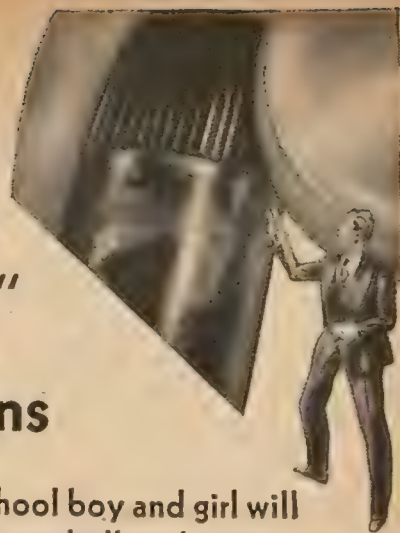
"Don't ever stop playing our 'dearest man' game. Always be my 'Charley Johnson.'"

During the rest of the ride they had little to say.

It was mid-afternoon of the following day when Georges Larue burst into Haddon's room.

Larue's arrival creates a situation loaded with dynamite. In next week's dramatic installment of Beyond Control you'll learn whether or not the dynamite explodes.

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came the reply. "I had my tears all ready, but I didn't have to use 'em."—Miss J. M. Curle, Winnipeg, Man., Can.



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MARY JO was trying hard to take her nap. Peevishly she called, "Grandma, come and kill this fly that's on me."

Grandma asked, "Is it biting you?"

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La Crosse, Wis.; Katherine Kramer, Washington, D. C.; Ethel Lawrence, Pueblo, Colo.; Edythe L. Lenox, Hollywood, Cal.; Frank H. Long, Lancaster, Pa.; Mrs. Cyril H. May, Milwaukee, Wis.; Carl F. McCool, Birmingham, Ala.; Randall McCormack, Huntingburg, Ind.; James G. McManaway, Baltimore, Md.; John C. Moore, Waynesboro, Pa.; George M. Morris, Lansdowne, Pa.; J. S. Nolan, Boston, Mass.; Jack O'Connor, Douglas, Ariz.; E. J. Overing, Red Cloud, Neb.; Mrs. Helen Pershler, Woodcliff, N. J.

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Sixty-five \$5 Prizes, July 2

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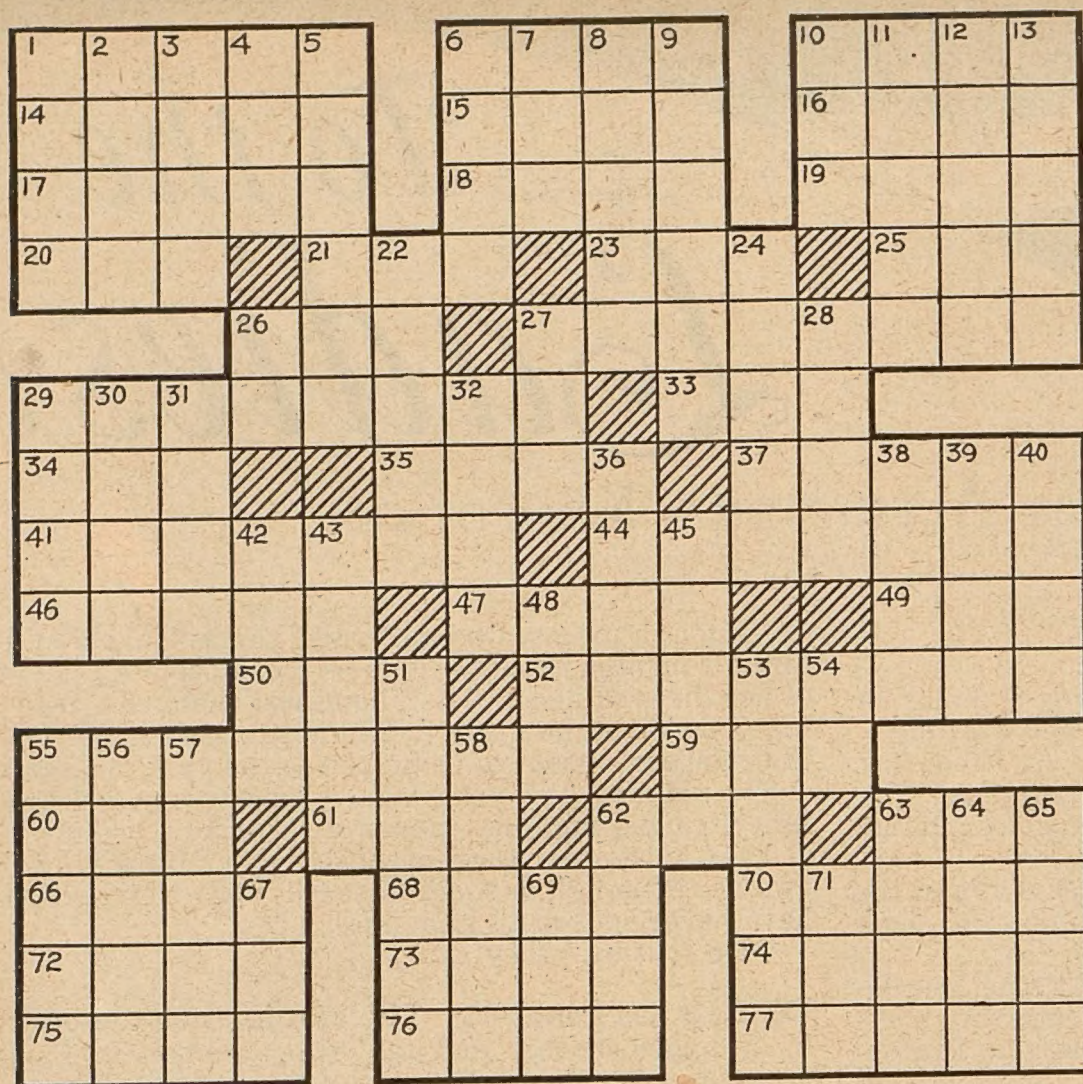
Paul V. J. Dwyer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles F. Eddy, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Allan England, Bradford, N. H.; Alta Wallis Estes, Chicago, Ill.; Flora K. Fell, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. N. E. Finch, Council Bluffs, Ia.; C. B. Guerrant, College Park, Ga.; Hazel A. Haddock, Shoshone, Idaho; Helen R. Harper, Overbrook, Pa.; E. V. E. Harris, Sacramento, Cal.; Anne L. Hedges, Denver, Colo.; Pauline Hoffman, Louisville, Ky.; G. E. Hollis, Tulsa, Okla.; Paul J. Holmes, South Bend, Ind.; Mary Frances Joyce, Highland Park, Pa.; Mrs. Ira L. Judd, Longview, Wash.

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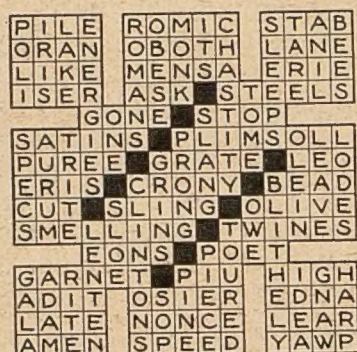
Mrs. Roy H. Pritchett, Sacramento, Cal.; M. M. Rothmann, Chicago, Ill.; James E. Scanlon, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. J. A. Scott, Owosso, Mich.; A. N. Scott, Petersburg, Va.; William T. Sinclair, Warner, N. H.; S. C. Singer, Glendale, Cal.; Dennis R. Smith, Canton, Ohio; C. M. Sprinkle, Marion, Ind.; Peter Stevens, San Francisco, Cal.; D. M. Steele, Cayuga, N. Y.; W. H. Thorne, Lynn, Mass.; J. C. Tighe, Pontiac, Mich.; Henri Tusenbroek, Hartford, Conn.; Glenna Van Wormer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Warren Ward, Philadelphia, Pa.; L. P. Welch, Quincy, Ill.; Elizabeth Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Will F. Winsor, Boston, Mass.; Mildred Wood, Springfield, Ohio.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

- 1 To force (var.)
- 6 Asterisk
- 10 To spread out
- 14 A kind of comb for separating warp threads
- 15 Coins of a European kingdom
- 16 County seat, Woods County, Oklahoma
- 17 An enlarged portion of plant pistil, containing ovules
- 18 West Indian shrub
- 19 East Indian timber tree
- 20 A place of concealment
- 21 Maxim
- 23 Goddess of healing (Teutonic myth.)
- 25 Suffix signifying action
- 26 Yellow ocher
- 27 Mounted
- 29 Long narrow flag
- 33 A great quantity or number
- 34 Containing metal
- 35 Compass point
- 37 Prospect, view
- 41 To involve in darkness
- 44 Elementary school-book
- 46 A contest (colloq.)
- 47 Kill
- 49 The octave above the treble staff
- 50 Unit of energy
- 52 Repository for records
- 55 Composed of the same elements (chem.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

- 59 Negative
- 60 Tooth in a wheel rim
- 61 Dark
- 62 Couch
- 63 A malt drink
- 66 Leave out
- 68 Step
- 70 Species of pepper
- 72 Part of a church
- 73 Interjection
- 74 Makes level
- 75 Wheelless vehicle
- 76 Wither
- 77 Compact

VERTICAL

- 1 Poke
- 2 Rant
- 3 Russian proper name
- 4 Former Italian title of courtesy
- 5 Genus of gastropods
- 6 Cabbage salad
- 7 A chemical element
- 8 A constellation
- 9 Mementos
- 10 Kind of grain
- 11 Entreat
- 12 Escape
- 13 Bare
- 22 Egyptian musical performer
- 24 Pass, as a rope through a cleat
- 26 Symbol for an element
- 27 Measures of area
- 28 Fastening device
- 29 Weeps convulsively
- 30 Genealogical chart
- 31 Tear
- 32 Corrodes
- 36 Monarch
- 38 A Polander
- 39 Greek combining form, meaning far off
- 40 Learning, or the field of learning
- 41 Separate particular in an enumeration
- 43 Pierced
- 45 Greek combining form, meaning thick
- 48 One hundred thousand rupees
- 51 Harasses
- 53 Inclosure for promoting rapid vegetable growth
- 54 Pronoun
- 55 Images
- 56 One of a Hamitic race
- 57 Pointed arch
- 58 Imagine
- 62 Yield
- 63 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
- 64 Any object resembling a lentil in form
- 65 Otherwise
- 67 Arrange for drying
- 69 Vehicle
- 71 Feminine proper name

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ANSWER to Chocolate Vitavose question . . . Children who do not get enough Vitamin B often lose their appetite and fall off in weight.

• See how it differs from other chocolate drinks!

—Send for trial package

Chocolate Vitavose is not just an ordinary flavoring for milk. It makes milk richer in the vitamin which stimulates appetite—Vitamin B. It supplies iron for the blood.

Thus it helps to restore appetite in children who won't eat, to increase their weight. Let your child benefit from all the *extra* nourishment provided by this new drink.

Change now from powders or syrups which merely flavor milk to Chocolate Vitavose!

MOTHERS! Fill out coupon below

**SQUIBB
CHOCOLATE
VITAVOSE**



E. R. Squibb & Sons,
Dept. L6, 745 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me sample of Chocolate Vitavose and booklet, "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

- 1—Robert Browning.
- 2—Crater Lake, Oregon.
- 3—From General Shrapnel, the inventor.
- 4—Four inches.
- 5—To catch a person who, on being attacked, proves too strong for his assailant.
- 6—Sixty-seven, from 31 B. C. to 476 A. D.
- 7—Enterprise, Alabama.
- 8—John C. Frémont.
- 9—Brazil.
- 10—969 years.
- 11—Louisiana, where the unit of local government is the parish.
- 12—Singultus.
- 13—A sample of cloth.
- 14—A divining rod used in search of water, ore, etc.
- 15—The Department of Commerce.
- 16—Colorless stones of high luster, made of paste, and first manufactured along the Rhine.
- 17—The Maelstrom, off Norway.
- 18—Our American Cousin.
- 19—Nicknamed for Sir Robert Peel, who organized the London police force.
- 20—A scot was formerly a tax or assessment, hence scot-free meant without payment of scot; untaxed; hence, unhurt.



To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

"AT your own risk."

When Frederick Henry Koch was a senior in high school, his father gave him this warning—and one dollar. The dollar was given to let Frederick Henry go to the theater for the first time in his life. The warning was given to protect him, if possible, against the sinful lure of the stage.



Frederick Henry Koch

"I saw Hamlet," he says, "and the boy who came out was not the same boy who went in."

From that hour to this he has devoted himself to the theater in an extraordinary way. He is now Professor Koch, international authority on dramatic literature, master organizer of amateur theatricals, teacher, lecturer, and "hatcher out" of American playwrights. He it was who founded the now celebrated Dakota Playmakers and Carolina Playmakers, from which amateur groups Broad-

way and Hollywood have drawn such successful dramatists as Anne Bridges, Maxwell Anderson, Paul Green; such hits as *Coquette*, *In Abraham's Bosom*, *Sunup*, *Hell Bent for Heaven*.

Every one of us who goes to the movies and to the theater ought to take part in amateur shows from time to time, Professor Koch declares.

"A little personal experience," he says, "will increase anyone's enjoyment of the stage and the talkies. You'll be more appreciative—and more critical—if you know how plays are written and performed."

The amateur show business is booming—there are now more than fourteen thousand amateur groups putting on plays of their own in this country—and Professor Koch believes that the movement will help cure our depression ills. "If you can get people playing together," he says, "in terms of their own life interests, you will have a happier, a more understanding, a more mutually sympathetic nation."

Born in old Kentucky, Professor Koch went to Harvard. He is now a faculty member at the University of North Carolina.

THEIR grandfather left them a hundred million dollars—more than thirty millions apiece. Yet the life story of these three young people is not enviable, not a happy story. I was impressed by the strange sadness of their experience when one of them told me about it the other day.

Grandpa was a grim old Cræsus, so hard to live with that his only daughter made a runaway marriage. The marriage was a failure. Eventually she left her husband and returned, with three babies, to live again with her father. He allowed her two dresses a year, a summer dress and a winter dress.

"Enough for any woman," ruled the willful old millionaire. When his daughter died he took absolute possession of her three children. Their name was changed—they took his name—and he made them his sole heirs. He bought their father's promise never to see the children again.

The old man died years ago. The three grandchildren inherited his millions—and a grievance.

They have never forgiven their father for giving them away. Although his act assured their fortunes, they have never spoken to him since.

"He sold us," they say.

PARIS has gone red. The clothes, not the politics.

Young, old, thin and fat, every woman in Paris is now wearing red or getting ready to wear it. Wine red—a plum-ish shade—is the favorite so far. Rose red, Burgundy red, and a clear deep crimson are also in the running. And a large field of browns, ranging from dark reddish brown to the light sherry tones.

I do not believe that the fashion for these colors will last through the winter. Keep your eye on royal blue and the dark steel blues. They will come along later. Nigger brown (they're calling it "black coffee" this year) and a dark amethyst shade have appeared in Paris already. They will probably be the next vogue after we tire of the reds.

CHICKEN broth—out of a can—was served at an impromptu supper by a friend of mine. But what a delicious soup she made of it! And by the simplest trick!

First she heated 6 cups of the broth for 15 minutes with a bay leaf and a few peppercorns. Just before serving she poured it, hot but not boiling, over 1 well beaten egg to which she had added, drop by drop, the juice of half a lemon and a pinch of salt. The soup was then warmed up for a few minutes in a double boiler. It was good—creamy, frothy, and so delicately flavored.

HIS girl turned him down again and again. She liked him, respected him; but she didn't think she loved him enough to marry him. He agreed to stop asking, to be just a friend. That worked for a while, but he had to go abroad on business. Before he sailed he tried once more—wrote her, begged her to reconsider, promised to accept her answer, this time, as absolutely final. She replied as gently as she could. But her answer, once more, was no. He received it the night he sailed.

Back he came from Europe on the very next boat. "I've been reading your letter fifty times a day," he said. "I can't believe it. I've got to hear it from your own lips."

Well, she married him. They are very happy. "I saw it wasn't mere stubbornness on his part," she tells me.

That seems to be the deciding point about young men who won't take no for an answer. Is their persistence dictated by true devotion, or by a stubborn desire to get their own way? Be sure before you give in.

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan, Hollywood

Recent photograph by Russell Ball, Hollywood

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray, New York



"I'M

"I'M

"I'M OVER

20"

30"

40"

Jean Harlow

Viola Dana

Alla Nazimova

Screen stars

keep the

charm of

YOUTH

SCREEN STARS know how important it is to *keep* youthful charm. So they begin very early to give their lovely complexions zealous and regular care.

Jean Harlow, delightful young star, says: "I learned Hollywood's secret and started using Lux Toilet Soap my first day in the studio."

Lovelier than ever at 30, Viola Dana says: "Nowadays no woman need worry about growing old. I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly to keep my skin at its very best."

And the glamorous Nazimova, for

so long an idol of the stage and screen, can well say: "Very few actresses look their age. Like me, they take care of their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is a marvel, that soap. For years I've used it."

*9 out of 10 Screen
Stars use it*

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios. So gentle—so *white* that no other soap can rival it!

LUX Toilet Soap

Switch to IPANA!

YOU'LL HAVE CLEAN, WHITE TEETH—FIRM, HEALTHY GUMS



● A soup... breaded cutlets... a delectable dessert. How delicious are today's foods—but how *soft*! Gums get almost no stimulation. Beware of "pink tooth brush"!



● "Pink tooth brush" can open the way for gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea. It may endanger sound teeth! So, twice a day, rub Ipana into your gums.

AND
NO MORE
"Pink
TOOTH
BRUSH"



● Under this Ipana regime, your teeth will become brilliantly white. You'll be much more attractive when you smile! And you can forget about "pink tooth brush"!

IN the past decade, modern dental science has found out that it is the soft food we all eat nowadays which is directly responsible for what is called "pink tooth brush."

Lacking stimulation and exercise, your gums become weak-walled and tender. And a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush is the almost inevitable result.

This gum condition is all too often the forerunner of gingivitis and Vincent's disease and

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-922
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



even pyorrhea—though that's far less frequent. It may even threaten the soundness of your teeth.

So, today, get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. Ipana is, first of all, a splendid cleanser. Then, because Ipana contains ziratol, a fine toning agent, each time rub a little *extra* Ipana Tooth Paste right into those tender gums of yours.

Your teeth will brighten up—and before long your gums will be far healthier, far firmer than they have been for years. And you won't have to worry any more about "pink tooth brush."

A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY